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DETROIT, TUESDAY, SEPT. 28, 1886.

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FOR SIXTY DAYS.

By a special arrangement with the publishers of the Detroit Tribune, we are enabled to offer the FARMER and the WEEKLY TRIBUNE for one year for \$1.75. This is just the cost of the white paper. This arrangement ceases October 10th, and after that date the price of two papers will be \$2.40 as heretofore. Address orders to MICHIGAN FARMER, Detroit, Mich.

WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the past week amounted to 184,459 bu., against 300,763 bu., the previous week in 1885. Shipments for the week were 259,811 bu. against 185,875 bu., the previous week, and 200,679 bu. the corresponding week in 1885. The stocks of wheat now held in this city amount to 1,854,486 bu., against 1,943,127 bu. last week and 1,092,476 bu. at the corresponding date in 1885. The visible supply of this grain on Sept. 15 was 47,539,880 bu. against 44,872,030 bu. the previous week, and 42,618,537 bu. at the corresponding date in 1885. This shows an increase from the amount reported the previous week of 2,667,850 bu. The export clearances for Europe for the week ending Sept. 15 were 1,078,552 bu. against 2,191,471 bu. the previous week, and for the last eight weeks they were 17,525,905 bu. against 4,981,630 for the corresponding eight weeks in 1885.

The tendency of the market since Tuesday last, on which day an advance was made, has been steadily downward, and at the close of the week the outlook was still unfavorable for sellers. Values are now down to the lowest point for months, and the price received by growers cannot afford them any margin over actual cost of raising the grain and placing it on the market. When No. 1 white can be bought at interior points at about 70c per bu., it is no wonder farmers are feeling disgruntled with such results. It must be remembered that a bushel of wheat represents a year's time as well as the labor and cost of raising it, and it is no doubt the poorest paying crop which was grown the past year; and Michigan farmers should not grow a bushel more of it than is needed to keep up the rotation of crops until it is worth sufficient in the market to give them a fair return for the time, labor and capital invested in raising it. This market yesterday opened weak, and before the close had declined about 1/2c on both spot and futures. Trading was inactive, the demand for shipment light, and foreign markets generally dull. The visible supply showed a further increase of over two millions of bushels. The Chicago market was active in a speculative way, but values were depressed and lower than on Saturday. New York ruled weak and lower until near the close of the day, when there was a slight reaction. Liverpool was dull and weak.

The following table exhibits the daily closing prices of spot wheat from September 1st to September 26th, inclusive:

	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3
Sept. 1	78 1/2	76 1/2	74 1/2
" 2	78 1/2	76 1/2	74 1/2
" 3	78 1/2	76 1/2	74 1/2
" 4	78 1/2	76 1/2	74 1/2
" 5	78 1/2	76 1/2	74 1/2
" 6	78 1/2	76 1/2	74 1/2
" 7	78 1/2	76 1/2	74 1/2
" 8	78 1/2	76 1/2	74 1/2
" 9	78 1/2	76 1/2	74 1/2
" 10	78 1/2	76 1/2	74 1/2
" 11	78 1/2	76 1/2	74 1/2
" 12	78 1/2	76 1/2	74 1/2
" 13	78 1/2	76 1/2	74 1/2
" 14	78 1/2	76 1/2	74 1/2
" 15	78 1/2	76 1/2	74 1/2
" 16	78 1/2	76 1/2	74 1/2
" 17	78 1/2	76 1/2	74 1/2
" 18	78 1/2	76 1/2	74 1/2
" 19	78 1/2	76 1/2	74 1/2
" 20	78 1/2	76 1/2	74 1/2
" 21	78 1/2	76 1/2	74 1/2
" 22	78 1/2	76 1/2	74 1/2
" 23	78 1/2	76 1/2	74 1/2
" 24	78 1/2	76 1/2	74 1/2
" 25	78 1/2	76 1/2	74 1/2
" 26	78 1/2	76 1/2	74 1/2

The following table gives the closing prices each day of the past week on the various deals of No. 1 white:

	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.
Tuesday	77 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2
Wednesday	77 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2
Thursday	77 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2
Friday	77 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2
Saturday	77 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2
Sunday	77 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2

For No. 2 red the closing prices each day of the past week were as follows:

	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.
Tuesday	75 1/2	75 1/2	75 1/2
Wednesday	75 1/2	75 1/2	75 1/2
Thursday	75 1/2	75 1/2	75 1/2
Friday	75 1/2	75 1/2	75 1/2
Saturday	75 1/2	75 1/2	75 1/2
Sunday	75 1/2	75 1/2	75 1/2

While wheat has been gradually growing lower, it is kind that certain Chicago operators are preparing to "boom" the market as soon as the lowest level has been reached. It is a fact that wheat for September delivery sold there the past week at the lowest price known since 1861, namely, 72 1/2c. It is more than probable that present low prices will shut off deliveries by farmers, and thus lead to a firmer feeling in the trade.

In foreign markets there is little change to note. English markets are quiet and unchanged. French markets are firmer owing to the wheat crop proving lighter than anticipated.

The receipts of foreign and home grown

wheat in the English markets during the week ending Sept. 18 were 75,000 to 135,000 bu. more than the estimated consumption; and for the eight previous weeks the receipts are estimated to have been 5,033,000 bu. less than the consumption.

The following statement gives the amount of wheat "in sight" at the dates named, in the United States, Canada, and on passage for Great Britain and the Continent of Europe:

	Bushels.
Visible supply	44,872,030
On passage for United Kingdom	14,715,000
On passage for Continent of Europe	5,700,000
Total	65,287,030

Total bushels Sept. 11, 1886..... 65,344,000
Total previous week..... 65,437,359
Total two weeks ago..... 65,501,085
Total Sept. 12, 1886..... 55,480,302

CORN AND OATS.

CORN.

The receipts of corn in this market the past week were 18,115 bu., against 19,138 bu. the previous week, and 13,098 bu. for the corresponding week in 1885. Shipments for the week were 11,433 bu., against 10,966 bu. for the corresponding week in 1885. The visible supply of corn in the country on Sept. 18 amounted to 13,769,321 bu. against 13,633,865 bu. the previous week, and 5,596,575 bu. at the same date last year. The visible supply shows an increase during the week indicated of 135,456 bu. The exports for Europe the past week were 523,894 bu., against 434,448 bu. the previous week, and for the past eight weeks 3,885,905 bu., against 5,833,958 bu. for the corresponding period in 1885. The stocks now held in this city amount to 32,659 bu. against 16,254 bu. last week and 9,684 bu. at the corresponding date in 1885. The market has ruled dull all week, and there has been a decline in prices in all the leading markets. The export demand is light, western farmers are selling old corn freely, and these facts, coupled with the weakness of wheat, have been too much for the market to stand up under. No. 2 is selling here at 40 1/2c per bu., No. 2 yellow at 40c, and No. 3 at 39c. Very little is doing in this market in a speculative way. At Chicago prices have also declined, and in that market there is a depressed feeling among dealers. The decline in values forced many speculators to close out their deals, and this had a bad effect. Quotations there are 36 1/2c for No. 2, 36 1/2c for No. 2 yellow, and 35 1/2c for No. 3. In futures No. 2 for October sold down to 37c per bu., and November at 38 1/2c, closing dull. The New York market is also lower, but showing more steadiness since the decline. The Liverpool market is quoted quiet with light demand. Quotations there are 4s 4d for September, 4s 3 1/2d for October, and 4s 3 1/4d for November delivery.

OATS.

The visible supply of this grain on Sept. 18 was 4,625,067 bu., against 4,627,037 bu. the previous week, and 5,619,948 bu. Sept. 18, 1885. The exports for Europe the past week were 31,390 bu., against 9,993 bu. the previous week, and for the last eight weeks were 320,311 bu. against 1,825,165 bu. for the corresponding weeks in 1885. The visible supply shows a decrease of 1,970 bu. during the week. Stocks held in store here amount to 26,390 bu., against 35,476 bu. the previous week, and 39,575 bu. at the corresponding date in 1885. The receipts at this point for the week were 37,500 bu., against 21,838 bu. the previous week, and 56,693 bu. for the corresponding week last year. The shipments for the week were 30,811 bu., against 45,567 bu. the previous week, and 9,857 bu. for same week in 1885. Oats have ruled quiet but firm the past week, and values are a shade higher than at time of our last report. Quotations are 30 1/2c for No. 2 white, 29 1/2c for light mixed, and 28c for No. 2 mixed. At Chicago the week closed with the market dull and easier but values a shade higher. No. 2 mixed are quoted there at 25 1/2c to 25 3/4c per bu. for spot, 25 1/2c for October delivery, and 26 1/2c for November. The New York market, while quiet, has also advanced a little. Quotations there are as follows: No. 2 white, 36 3/4c; No. 3, 35 1/2c; No. 2 mixed, 31 1/2c; ungraded mixed, 29 1/2c; ungraded white, 35 1/4c, the latter for fancy. We regard the position of oats as favoring sellers, and that values are more apt to go up than down, with the probabilities, however, in favor of a steady market.

DAIRY PRODUCTS.

BUTTER.

This market is in about the same condition as a week ago. Good table butter is scarce and in demand, but prices are nominally unchanged. Good to choice dairy finds quick sale at 16 1/2c per lb., and for extra quality a cent or two more can be realized. Creamery is selling at 25 1/2c per lb., the latter for choice. From the reports received from other markets it appears probable that an advance in prices may be looked for on all choice grades. The Chicago market at the close of the week was easy for strictly fancy selections of creamery at 24 1/2c per lb. the demand not being so brisk as early in the week. There was a continued good movement in choice Iowa, Wisconsin, and similar makes at 21 1/2c, and grades ranging at 13 1/2c to 17c were fairly active. Fancy dairies sold at 16 1/2c, according to quality, and common and packing stocks at 7 1/2c. The New York market continues to improve, and all grades of fairly good quality are higher than a week ago. The N. Y. Daily Bulletin of Saturday says of the market:

"The warmer condition of the weather during the past twenty-four hours affords an excuse to some buyers for more cautious methods, but they appear to gain nothing on perfect quality goods. The supply, in fact, is simply too short to satisfy the demand, and sellers practically have the market in their own hands. Our quotations can be made without much difficulty, and growers who have regular marks of pails, etc., held in reserve are compelled to pay still higher figures. Quality just below fancy is also firm, but is selling only to supply deficiencies in the upper grade, as not many buyers are willing to invest beyond their immediate requirements. Fine held goods receive the support of continued trading in a speculative way, and owners not particularly anxious to realize. Choice State dairy tubs and pails are still moving promptly and at full rates, but there appears to be no outlet open for firkins as yet. Imitation creamery, fine

Western dairy and the best factory stock all do very well, but medium and lower grades meet with no special mark of favor at the moment. The exports for week will exceed 6,000 packages, confirming the previous indications of fuller orders on foreign account, though a portion of the outward movement is on old purchases."

Quotations in that market are as follows:

	¢	¢
Creamery, pails, fancy	28	29
Creamery, tubs, fancy	27	28
Creamery, tubs, choice	26	27
Creamery, prime	25	26
Creamery, good	24	25
Creamery, fair	23	24
Creamery, ordinary	22	23
Creamery, June, fine	21	22
Creamery, June, good	20	21
State dairy half-firkin tubs, fancy	20	21
State dairy half-firkin tubs, choice	19	20
State dairy half-firkin tubs, fine	18	19
State dairy half-firkin tubs, fair	17	18
State dairy half-firkin tubs, good	16	17
State dairy half-firkin tubs, choice	15	16
State dairy firkins, choice	14	15
State dairy firkins, good	13	14
State dairy firkins, fair	12	13
State dairy firkins, good	11	12
State dairy firkins, fair	10	11
State dairy firkins, good	9	10
State dairy firkins, fair	8	9

WESTERN DAIRY.

The exports of butter from American ports for the week ending September 18 were 470,778 lbs., against 276,236 lbs. the previous week, and 323,378 lbs. two weeks previous. The exports for the corresponding week in 1885 were 978,750 lbs.

CHEESE.

Cheese has done well the past week, and is active, firm and higher in all domestic markets as well as abroad. Quotations here are 11 1/2c per lb. for full cream New York, 10 1/2c for Michigan, and 9 1/2c for Ohio. At these figures the market is firm. The Chicago market has also advanced, and choice full creams are in active demand there with prices ruling very firm. Orders were coming in freely from the west, northwest and south. Quotations there are 11c per lb. for cheddars, 11 1/2c for flats (two in a box) and Young Americas, and 6 1/2c per lb. for choice skims. The New York market is higher on all grades and firm at the advance. The N. Y. Daily Bulletin of Saturday, in its weekly review of the market, says:

"Cheese has had a really excellent week. There was no sharp, sudden advance, but a steady, and indeed almost daily, uniform addition to value, until figures to-day stand 1 1/2c above those current one week ago. On the whole, the market is in a light, confident or limits that would enable them to go ahead, but others were steady buyers from the outset, and on what appeared sheer force of legitimate demand, comparatively moderate though it was, the market improved without the aid of speculative manipulation. The operators on country markets are said to have given the tone its starting strength at least, and they are entitled to so much credit, but there is still no doubt that, notwithstanding all the reports of 'bad news,' 'want of margin,' etc., a fair amount of American cheese is wanted abroad, and the English buyers who have opened order books are waiting to repeat the risk of anticipating a rise on the foreign market, especially as the cable quotations have been gradually creeping upward. In fact, while the foreign operator still adheres to the policy of the hand-to-mouth policy in investing, the mouth seems to be kept fairly wide open and the hand in constant motion to supply it with even necessary supplies. On home showings there is not much change, the average of quality keeping up to an excellent standard, the shortage in the make and exports remaining prominent, and factorymen generally shipped up close, nearly all to the foreign order, still adhering to the policy of right down to the end of the month. It is possible that in a few cases the make of a day or two of the present month may have come forward, but no one here has been making any claim for September delivery, though expecting quite a number next week. The cool weather and really urgent wants in many cases have brought in home buyers with some freedom, and this of itself is a factor of decided importance, especially that domestic consumption is an assured basis for calculation."

Quotations in that market yesterday were as follows:

	¢	¢
State factory, fancy	11	11 1/2
State factory, choice	10 1/2	10 3/4
State factory, prime	10	10 1/2
State factory, medium	9 1/2	9 3/4
State factory, light skims, average	8 1/2	8 3/4
State factory, light skims, selected	8 1/4	8 1/2
State factory, light skims, average	7 1/2	7 3/4
State factory, light skims, selected	7 1/4	7 1/2
State factory, light skims, average	6 1/2	6 3/4
State factory, light skims, selected	6 1/4	6 1/2
State factory, light skims, average	5 1/2	5 3/4
State factory, light skims, selected	5 1/4	5 1/2

The receipts of cheese in the New York market the past week were 35,492 boxes against 62,255 boxes the previous week, and 52,887 boxes the corresponding week in 1885. The exports from all American ports for the week ending Sept. 18 foot up 3,808,093 lbs., against 2,780,625 lbs. the previous week, and 9,851,253 lbs. two weeks ago. The exports for the corresponding week last year were 4,907,535 lbs. Of the exports, 1,794,160 lbs. were from Montreal. The Montreal Gazette of Friday last says of that market:

"The cheese market continued strong in tone, and values were pushed a little further up, with many holders asking 11c. The offerings of finest goods were light, if not positively scarce, and 10 1/2c was refused for a good line to-day. The cable advanced another 1/2c to 40c, but the private trade preferred to the strength as proceeding from speculative manipulation. There was a fair amount of animation in the market to-day, with the general feeling very firm, although some doubts are expressed that the advance is being carried too far."

The Liverpool market is quoted firm, with quotations on American cheese at 50s. per cwt., an advance of 3s. per cwt. from the figures quoted one week ago.

The British Grain Trade.

The Mark Lane Express of yesterday, in its review of the British grain trade during the past week, says:

"Trade was exceedingly slow but prices were sustained. Sound English new crops wheats were in best demand. The sales of English wheat during the past week were 52,121 quarters at 39s 4d against 52,121 quarters at 39s 10d during the corresponding week last year. Flour was slow of sale owing to the large stocks and the continual American arrivals at rates previously unknown. Fine making, however, was scarce. Trade in foreign wheats was dragging. The large and rapidly increasing visible supply in America oppresses trade here. American flour is 3d cheaper. The prices of round corn favor buyers. Oats were in large supply and cheaper. One cargo of wheat arrived. About fourteen sailing vessels with wheat from Chilian and other Pacific ports are due and are expected to arrive when the wind changes. Trade forward is somewhat steadier. At-to-day's market there was no improvement in the wheat trade. American and inferior English wheats were cheaper. Flour was dull. American flour in some instances was lower than on Monday. The prices on barley had a downward tendency."

The Visible Supply.

A dispatch from Chicago yesterday says that the number of bushels of grain in store in the United States and Canada Sept. 25, and the increase and decrease compared with the previous week, is as follows: Wheat, 49,506,431 bu.; increase, 2,056,551 bu. Corn, 13,955,791 bu.; increase, 286,470 bu. Oats, 4,844,828 bu.; increase, 244,161 bu. Rye, 540,638 bu.; decrease, 61,493 bu. Barley, 1,276,554 bu.; increase, 56,458 bu.

WOOL.

The eastern wool markets have been very active the past week, with large sales to manufacturers and considerable lots to speculators. At Boston the sales aggregated 5,013,700 lbs. of domestic and 2,135,000 lbs. of foreign, or 7,147,700 lbs. in all, as compared with 6,375,300 lbs. the previous week. Sales of fine wools were heavy, including Ohio, Pennsylvania and Michigan, and these wools are relatively the strongest in the markets. Among the sales there were Ohio and Pennsylvania X at 33c to 34c, XX at 35 1/2c to 36c, and 32c 3/4c for Michigan X. At the close of the week holders were not inclined to sell good lots at current figures, expecting a further advance. The Boston Journal says of the market:

"There has been considerable speculative demand this week, but at the same time manufacturers have taken hold quite freely, and have paid the advanced prices asked. The market is very firm and advancing, and many believe that the high water mark has not yet been reached. The advices from London still report a hardening market and active demand, and from all points in the interior abroad come reports of strong and advancing markets. Fine washed fleeces have further advanced during the week, and have been most inquired for. The woolen goods market is in a satisfactory position. Manufacturers are now confident of obtaining better prices for their goods when the season for heavy weights opens. They are, therefore, more disposed to pay the higher prices asked for wool, and so without as much grumbling as formerly."

The Philadelphia market has also strengthened, and holders have advanced their views on most grades of wool. The Philadelphia Record says of that market:

"The wool market throughout has ruled very strong this week, and there has been good demand, particularly for fine and medium fleeces. Fine delaine and clothing fleeces have brought one cent more than they did last week, and even at this advance are not fully quoted. The market is standing out for a further advance. The strength of fine wools reflects the increased firmness of foreign markets, which are relatively much higher than ours. Medium fleeces are also in demand, and supplies are light. Quarter blood wools are firm and fairly active. There is no quotable advance over last week's figures; except for fine wools, but all grades and descriptions are more confident. The market is in a light, confident or limits that would enable them to go ahead, but others were steady buyers from the outset, and on what appeared sheer force of legitimate demand, comparatively moderate though it was, the market improved without the aid of speculative manipulation. The operators on country markets are said to have given the tone its starting strength at least, and they are entitled to so much credit, but there is still no doubt that, notwithstanding all the reports of 'bad news,' 'want of margin,' etc., a fair amount of American cheese is wanted abroad, and the English buyers who have opened order books are waiting to repeat the risk of anticipating a rise on the foreign market, especially as the cable quotations have been gradually creeping upward. In fact, while the foreign operator still adheres to the policy of the hand-to-mouth policy in investing, the mouth seems to be kept fairly wide open and the hand in constant motion to supply it with even necessary supplies. On home showings there is not much change, the average of quality keeping up to an excellent standard, the shortage in the make and exports remaining prominent, and factorymen generally shipped up close, nearly all to the foreign order, still adhering to the policy of right down to the end of the month. It is possible that in a few cases the make of a day or two of the present month may have come forward, but no one here has been making any claim for September delivery, though expecting quite a number next week. The cool weather and really urgent wants in many cases have brought in home buyers with some freedom, and this of itself is a factor of decided importance, especially that domestic consumption is an assured basis for calculation."

The New York market is both active and firm, and sales there have been at a slightly higher range than at Boston. Ohio X sold at 36 1/2c, Ohio X at 34c, fine delaine at 37 1/2c, 1/2 blood unwashed combing at 35c, and 1/2 blood at 33c per lb. Spring Texas sold at 24 1/2c, and Spring California at 23 1/2c. The U. S. Economist says of the outlook:

"The fact of this unprecedented rise abroad is becoming known, and when it is known that a large part of the next clip of Montevideo has been already contracted for, the market is in a light, confident or limits that would enable them to go ahead, but others were steady buyers from the outset, and on what appeared sheer force of legitimate demand, comparatively moderate though it was, the market improved without the aid of speculative manipulation. The operators on country markets are said to have given the tone its starting strength at least, and they are entitled to so much credit, but there is still no doubt that, notwithstanding all the reports of 'bad news,' 'want of margin,' etc., a fair amount of American cheese is wanted abroad, and the English buyers who have opened order books are waiting to repeat the risk of anticipating a rise on the foreign market, especially as the cable quotations have been gradually creeping upward. In fact, while the foreign operator still adheres to the policy of the hand-to-mouth policy in investing, the mouth seems to be kept fairly wide open and the hand in constant motion to supply it with even necessary supplies. On home showings there is not much change, the average of quality keeping up to an excellent standard, the shortage in the make and exports remaining prominent, and factorymen generally shipped up close, nearly all to the foreign order, still adhering to the policy of right down to the end of the month. It is possible that in a few cases the make of a day or two of the present month may have come forward, but no one here has been making any claim for September delivery, though expecting quite a number next week. The cool weather and really urgent wants in many cases have brought in home buyers with some freedom, and this of itself is a factor of decided importance, especially that domestic consumption is an assured basis for calculation."

The natural herbage is the exclusive food of the Lanza sheep; it produces a rich and savory milk, admirably adapted for the preparation of Roquefort cheese—the French Stilton. About 22 gallons of milk yield 50 to 55 lbs. of cheese, and the latter fetches about 13 sous per lb., that which gives a value to the milk of six sous the quart. It requires eight sheep, or exceptionally six, to produce 230 lbs. of cheese. If the butcher price of the lamb, six fr., be added to the foregoing figures, the net profit, soil and locality considered, is not unfavorable.

The Dishley breed of sheep seems to be coming into favor in the west of France, for crossing local or rustic races. The lower temperature of the region suits it, and the culture of turnips—its favorite food, is there making way. However, the district is not rich enough for the lazy, heavy breeding, but rapidly fattening Dishley, besides the farmers only want the rams.

In this connection we may refer to the experiments of two French scientists, Messrs. Munz and Girard, who were employed by the French government to study the influence of shed-feeding of sheep, on the production of manure, when the animals be administered green or dry, and of the relative percentage of elements returned to fertilize the soil, when the sheep were folded or housed. The conclusions of these scientists are briefly these: About one half of the nitrogen in the food given, whether in a green or dry state, is lost; that is, passes into the manure; this feeding loss is greater, the richer the food is in azote; in other words the manure will be more nitrogenous. If earth be employed as litter, nearly all the nitrogen of the excrements will be retained; earth is thus more efficacious than straw or bedding. Now when sheep are folded the same results were observed; the soil acted like the clay bedding, and absorbed the nitrogen of the urine, etc., but not to a greater degree than when the animals were kept in shed, and had a loose bed of earth. Thus the immemorial practice of penning or parking sheep, has been borne out by the most carefully conducted experiments of the above named chemists.

Stock Notes.

TEXAS fever is reported in Missouri, but only a few cases have been heard of up to this time.

PLEURO-PNEUMONIA is reported in Aberdeenshire and Kincardineshire, Scotland, and Cumberland, England.

The famous Hereford herd of Mr. Benjamin Rogers at "The Grove," near Lomeston, England, was closed out at public sale recently. Thirty-one cows, 37 calves, 13 two-year-old heifers, 18 yearling heifers and nine bulls, seven of them yearlings, averaged nearly \$164 each. The prices realized were not up to what was anticipated.

A VERY FRESH REPORTER.

The last issue of the Live Stock Journal, in a report of the Michigan State Fair, has the following:

"Spiritous liquors being excluded from the grounds, very little drunkenness was noticed, although it was not wholly absent, as the following will show. One morning, your reporter being early on the grounds, his attention was attracted by the odd breakfast an old farmer was making, watermelon being the only article of diet; he repeated this singular meal at noon, and during the afternoon he was busily engaged in filling up from a bottle he carried in his pocket. It is evident that the bottle contained something stronger than extract of watermelon, for his legs were tied in double bow knots, and whenever he fell, which was of frequent occurrence, he had recourse to the flask. He was taken in hand by a special policeman, much to his displeasure."

We presume the above was put into the report of the Fair to make it more lively. The melon part of it is too fishy for belief. If that reporter ever attended any State Fair where the sale of liquor was more strictly prohibited we should like to know where it was. Another point is this: The farmers of this State, young or old, are not in the habit of making public exhibitions of themselves, and the chances are if such an occurrence as the arrest of a party under the influence of liquor did take place, it was some tramp or bummer and not a farmer, a fact which the limited experience of that reporter did not enable him to know. But what was the matter with that reporter any way? He says some of the stock had to be put in adjacent fields because the fair grounds could not accommodate them. He must have struck one of those watermelons. The cattle you saw, young man, were the town cows which supply the citizens of Jackson with milk. Hope you did not spend much time looking them over. Better hire a farmer's boy to show you around next time, and prevent any more mistakes.

SHEEP FARMING IN FRANCE.

From our Paris Correspondent.

Sheep farming in France is a vexatious problem, owing to the competition with Australian wools. Some rear the sheep rather for flesh than for wool; others try to utilize both while depending on precarious breeds. The farmers of the region of Larzac, in the departments of Hérault and Aveyron, depend on milk as the end of sheep farming. But Larzac is a wild, mountainous region, with a peculiar natural vegetation of sweet grasses and a special race of sheep. The best animals are those which are never crossed, but annihilated by selection. A ram weighs 88 to 112 lbs.; a ewe, 60 to 88 lbs.; and the dead is about half the live weight. The wool is not fine; the fleeces weigh but 4 1/2 lbs., and is sold at twelve sous per lb., to the fabricators of military cloths.

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In this connection we may refer to the experiments of two French scientists, Messrs. Munz and Girard, who were employed by the French government to study the influence of shed-feeding of sheep, on the production of manure, when the animals be administered green or dry, and of the relative percentage of elements returned to fertilize the soil, when the sheep were folded or housed. The conclusions of these scientists are briefly these: About one half of the nitrogen in the food given, whether in a green or dry state, is lost; that is, passes into the manure; this feeding loss is greater, the

Poetry.

THE OTHER WORLD.

It lies around us like a cloud—
A world we do not see,
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheek;
Amid our worldly cares,
Its gentle voices whisper love,
And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,
Sweet, helping hands are stirred,
And palpitate the veil between
With breathings almost heard.

The silence—awful, sweet and calm—
They have no power to break:
For mortal words are not for them—
To utter or partake.

So thin, so soft, so sweet they glide,
So near to press they seem,
So faint to tell us of our rest,
And melt into our dream.

And in the hush of rest they bring,
"Tis easy now to see
How lovely and how sweet a pass
The hour of death may be.

To close the eye, to close the ear,
Wrapped in a trance of bliss,
And gently dream, in loving arms,
To swoon to That, from This.

Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep,
Scarce asking where we are—
To feel all evil sink away,
All sorrow and all care.

Sweet souls around us! watch us still,
Press nearer to our side—
Into our thoughts, into our prayers
With gentle keepings glide.

Let death between us be as naught—
A dried and vanished stream;
Our joy be the reality;
Our suffering life, the dream.

—Harriet B. Stowe.

SEPTEMBER.

A change creeps over nature. A deep flush
Mounts to the maple leaf; the air is clear.
The grapes are purpling, and a crimson blush
Spreads o'er such flowers as deck the waning
year.

Ripe apples bend the trees, while golden rod
By roadside, lane, and meadow glows
year.

Now whistlings of the quail are often heard
From buckwheat-fields, while on the calm air
floats

The drumming of the partridge. Not a bird
Builds a nest; but night is thrill'd by notes
From crickets near, and locusts' drowsy hum
That seems to say: "September time has come!"

—Sophie L. Schenk, in Brooklyn Magazine.

Miscellaneous.

"SIMPLE DAN."

How Aunt 'Cinda Helped an Officer
Out of a Tight Place.

A group of some ten boon companions was gathered around a glowing fire one evening, talking of the war and the thrilling scenes through which many had passed.

"I tell you, boys," said Col. Gardiner, as he stooped over the hearth and turning up his big-bowled pipe knocked a glowing ember from it, "I think I had about as close a call during the war, to come out as well as I did, as most any man I have heard of. It was in this way:

"A company of six of us were out on a scouting expedition. It was near the town of Winchester, that became so famous during the war for being taken and retaken so often, but it was some six or eight miles farther down the valley toward the Opequa, near the old 'Burned Factory.' Gen. Banks was in command there at the time. A couple of negroes came into our lines, and one of them said:

"Massa Stonewall Jackson's men's comin', kase I heard ole Massa say to Missay dat de Yanks would be travelin' like blazes 'fore de sun done set nex' day."

"We didn't take this information as worth much, for these excitable people had several times before needlessly alarmed us. Our commander thought best, however, to send us out on a little scouting trip. We took quite a little circuit, going out around Brucetown, down to Wadesville, and from there across south to Berryville. We were just beginning to feel that we were again to be made the victims of the foolish fears of the colored people, when 'boom!' went a cannon away toward Winchester. This was soon followed by another and another. Then the sound of musketry, volley after volley, came to us, and we knew that our men had been surprised by the Confederates, and we were afraid we would be cut off from the division to which we belonged. So we hurried forward at a rapid rate, and soon found by trying several different roads that the enemy had pickets posted on all of them. After a hasty consultation we concluded to leave the road and cut across the fields, the very worst thing we could have done under the circumstances. We had gone but a short distance when we found that we were pursued by a squad of cavalry.

"We had not the slightest chance with them. The country was full of stone ledges. We could not see their great, broad, irregular faces, just protruding above ground, until we came to them, and then we would have to go around; while the enemy, knowing all about the surface of the country, would just circle around these ledges and be ready to start after us again. We soon saw that we would be captured in this way, and when near a slip of woods not far from the tumpike, we threw ourselves from our horses and each one ran for life to gain cover. Here we found the ledges of rock high and plentiful, and our chances were good, as it was getting dusk. It was but a short time until I found myself alone, separated from all my comrades—alone in the deepening twilight.

"I thought the army was about five miles west of where I was, and I determined to try and reach it through the dark and over the roughest region I had ever seen. I started, and I suppose I traveled about two miles, although it seemed ten, as I blundered along over rocks, briars, and thistles.

"The first thing I knew I heard the so well-known sound to every soldier's ear:

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"I had run almost upon a picket of the enemy. I held my breath. I was afraid he would hear me breathe or the beating of my heart. I quietly slipped back a piece over the route I had come, as near as I could make it out.

"You may think it was not a very soldierly act feeling so much afraid of the sentinel, but I did not want to fall into the hands of the enemy. The negroes had told of some fearfully cruel things they did with some of our men when they took them prisoners, and I believed they were truthful in the matter.

"The next start I made I bore more toward the south. I had not gone far until I saw a light. I knew at a glance that it was a negro quarter, and I resolved to reach it if I could. I crept cautiously along, and as I came nearer I knew of a certainty it was a pine torch burning in a negro's hut. I had learned to tell their homes at night by their peculiar flaming torch-lights. I stopped in front of the cabin and cautiously looked in. A bright mulatto woman was moving about the low room, busy at work. She seemed to be entirely alone, and was singing, in a low, plaintive voice,

I'm gwine up to de New Jerusalem,
By an 'by, etc.

"I crept up close beside the cabin, and went into that door about as quick I reckon as ever any one did. I expected she would think I had been shot out of a gun, coming in in such a hurry. She was about to sound a note of alarm when I laid my finger on my mouth, and, motioning to her that I wanted to be hid, I darted behind the half-open door. She nodded an assurance that she would help me.

"She hustled up to the fire, and as she passed the pine torch, sticking in a crack in the jam, she brushed it down, and then taking a heavy, home-made iron shovel, began covering up the fire, talking to herself, after the custom of her people. As she piled on the ashes she said:

"Deed I is one wasteful nigger, usin' up so much fire an' light. Ef Ole Missy was to come out here an' see me usin' frelight an' pine knot too, she'd say, 'Cinda, you is 'stravagant, usin' dem lights up in dat an' style.'"

"By this time only a few flickering rays of light played over the room. In the corner opposite this was a bed, very humble-looking, but clean. At the head of it was a faded quilt hanging against the wall, which I supposed was to keep the wind out. Some home-made stools and a table of the same make had all besides that the room contained.

"The woman—'Cinda, as she called herself—bustled around the bed awhile, then she lifted one side of the hanging quilt, and motioned to me to pass under. I did so, and she let it fall again in front of me. She then took her knitting and sat down in front of the fire. I could hear the click of her needles for a little while, and then all was still for a few moments, when a snoring announced the fact that 'Cinda was sleeping.

"While she nodded and snored, I examined or rather felt around quietly to see where I was. I found that I stood in a deep doorway, that seemed to be nailed up. I got so tired standing still that I almost concluded to lie down and sleep, too, when I heard the low growling of a dog, and the sound of voices approaching. I knew in an instant that it was myself and men that the strangers were after. 'Cinda nodded and snored on, apparently oblivious to all around, and if I had not learned so well the character of these people I would have thought her indifferent as to whether I got safely out of my close quarters or not; but I was sure she had her part to act. Here the men entered the cabin door, and one of them, laughing, said:

"All's right, here, except that darky sleeping there so close to the fire. I see she has covered it up for the night, but still, if she was to nod forward and lose her balance, she might fall into the hot embers and get burned. Say, Mammy 'Cinda,' he said as he shook her, 'have you seen any soldiers? Are there any prowling around here this afternoon? We are hunting for a small party of Yanks that got hemmed in here, and we don't want 'em to get away from us. Say, did you see 'em?'"

"Sogers, did you say, Massa," said 'Cinda, widely opening her eyes, and looking first at one of them, then at another, as if frightened out of a deep sleep. "How many is dar, Massa, dat you is arter?" gathering up her fallen knitting and rising to her feet.

"We think there are about four around here some place; there were six of them, but we caught two down near the old stone house, and are awful anxious to get the rest; one of 'em is an officer, and if we catch him we allow to make him smart for some of the wrongs done to our soldiers that have been taken prisoners."

"'Xactly so, Massa,' said 'Cinda, with an old-fashioned curtsy. 'I tell you, I 'spect I done seed dem very sogers dis ebenin'. Allus when I goes out to milk ole Suse, old Missey say, 'Now, 'Cinda, do be keerful, and look up and down the pike afore you gets under dat barn flo' to git out the cawn for de cow, an' see if dar is any soyers in sight kase if dey eber sees you gittin' any out from dar, its gone corn.'"

"Oh, well, go on Auntie and tell us about the soldiers," said one of the men impatiently. "How many did you see, and where were they?"

"Dat's jes' what I was gwine to tell ye, said she, with a toss of her red-turbaned head. "When I looks up the pike I sees four sogers comin' ridin' like de John Gilpin line. Miss Jenny read to us about one time. Dey seemed like they was in one mighty big hurry. I jes' stood dar scratchin' my head, looking arter dem. When dey was gwine by one of dem dem holler, 'Say, red-top, are you fattenin' dat cow for beef; she looks like she would make one of de kine we gits lots of.' I tell you Massa, I done lat at dat fool speech till I thinks I fall ober. We is all bin laughin' ober ole Suse's ribs dis long time, kase if she was fat de sogers would 'fascate her; den what would ole Missus do? 'Seshe' kaint drink her coffee widout cream no way you fixes it. Missus she mighty 'ticular dat way."

"You say they were going toward Berryville, and were Yanks?" said one of the men, as they turned to go.

"Fer shure, I knows dey were dem Yankee sogers."

"How do you know they were?"

"Kase dey wore dem blue coats wid shiny buttons on, an' dey was slick, clean, and fat lookin', like dey allus had a good time."

"All pretty good reasons, Auntie," said one of them with a laugh. Again they turned to go, and as 'Cinda followed them to the door she said:

"Massa, does you tink dat if any ob dem men comes in from der hidin' places befo'

mornin', dat me an' one ob dem would dar to go to de ole mill wid a grist ob corn? You know young Missus bin sick this long time, an' ain't got no appetite. She done griebe ober young Massa gittin' killed till I believe unless she gits somethin' to help her, she's gwine to die. When I takes her anythin' eat she looks at me so pitiful like, an' says: 'Oh, 'Cinda, if it was only some good corn-bread like we used to hab befo' the wah, an' your Massa was standin' here live an' well, den I believe I could eat.' Den she falls to cryin', an' dat nearly kills me. So I done shell a bushel of cawn, an' got it hid away, an' I done promise her dat when our men gits 'session again, I am gwine to tote it to de ole mill an' get some meal an' make somethin' fur her that I knows she kin eat. An' if you knows de road is clear I is gwine 'fore the morn' sun shine. I done know whar Simple Dan is hid, an' I could git him to go, if he wasn't sich a fool 'bout bein' afeard ob de sogers.'"

"You can go in safety, I think," said one of the men, as he stood leaning with one hand on the door-casing and looked down into the dark, earnest, upturned face of the woman. "We have made arrangements for men belonging around here to serve as pickets to-night in every direction around the mill, and Mr. Grubb will run the mill all right. You will only have to pass one set of pickets, and you tell them you are Gen. Thompson's people, and they will never even stop you, when they see you are going to mill. They know that every person goes there as soon as we get possession of this region. If you can get hold of Dan to go with you, that will keep you from being afraid, and if you coax him up by promising him tobacco he will do wonders for you." Here he divided down in his pants pocket and brought out a small bit, and after biting off a corner from it reached it to her and said: "Here, that is enough to toll him along."

"In an instant they were gone. 'Cinda stood a while listening to them as they passed down the pike. She then closed and bolted the door, and I could hear her light step here and there as she passed around the cabin. Presently she came with some clothes and whispered:

"You take dem off you is got on an' put dese on."

"Then she set a large gourd behind the quilt and whispered:

"Jes' you wash yo' face an' hands good in dat, an' jes' let 'em dry."

"I could hear her go up the ladder into the loft and come down, as if she was bearing a heavy burden, then the sound of corn pouring from one sack to another. Now again the footsteps sounded along the floor, and this time I could hear her at the cupboard. Then she neared my place of concealment, and again hoisting the corner of the quilt in front of me, reached her hand in and said in a low voice:

"Gib me dem clothes you done took off, den take dis an' eat it," and again she was gone.

"What I got to eat was a piece of fat meat, some cold hominy and a cup of old Suse's milk. As I ate I heard the door quietly open and close, and I knew by the death-like stillness that I was alone. She had gone to put my clothes somewhere where they would tell no tales. I resolved to quietly slip down on the floor and enjoy my supper, and I did. I presume no man ever ate a meal that tasted better. It was the first morsel I had eaten since early in the morning, and I had been on the go constantly, except while I had been standing up behind that quilt; and that had well-nigh made me so stiff that I could not bend. As soon as I was through eating I straightened up again. I had scarcely done so when the door softly opened and closed. Quietly 'Cinda glided along until she came to where I was, and slipping behind the quilt, whispered:

"Now you listen good to what I tell you. I is gwine to tote some cawn to de mill, an' you is Simple Dan, an' you is goun' along wid me, an' all you got to do when we comes to de pickets is jes' to wait an' let me do de talkin', an' if any ob them goes to plaguin' you, jes' you kin ob hang back like an' say, 'bacca,' an' when I promises you some, den you come right 'long wid me. Now you sure you min' me, an' I am gwine to git you safe back to de Union lines."

"Here she started out and pulled me along. On one corner of the wide stone hearth stood two sacks, probably a half bushel of corn in each. She threw one on my shoulder, and then took the other. Reaching me a stout club and taking one herself, she passed out, I followed, and after softly closing the door she led the way. Soon we were treading a narrow path through a deep, dark body of woods. On, on, we went; sometimes I nearly fell, and my sack grew very heavy. I was, oh! so tired. Soon we began to near the edge of the wood, then I heard the challenge:

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"My guide answered, 'Me, Massa Grobes. I knows your voice, if it is too dark to see you. We is two ob Gin'ral Thompson's people gwine to de ole mill for meal. Massa Patterson say dat dey gwine to grin all night. You know young Missus is sick, an' she wants her cawn-bread powerful bad. Ise got Simple Dan here 'long wid me.'"

"Pass along, 'Cinda, you faithful creature! I wish there were more as true as you are, said the picket.

"Come 'long, Dan," said 'Cinda, looking back to where I stood like a culprit. "Why don't you come 'long. Don't go to gittin' one ob your fool speels here!"

"Bacca! I said, tr mbling from head to foot.

"Come right 'long," said she, pulling me by the sleeve past the picket. "I aint gwine to stop here wid dis hebbey sack to gib ye 'bacca. Ef you goes along wid me all the way, an' back again, I am got a big piece in my bosom fer ye, but if yer takes one ob yer triflin' speels an' leas me fo' I git back to ole Massa's house I is nebbes gwine to gib you a bite."

"Onward we trudged with our heavy sacks, now across a field, now on the outskirts of a wood, but never in the open road. At length we reached a small body of woods and halted. My guide motioned me to stand still. Passing around a ledge of rock, after several minutes' absence, she returned and bade me drop my sack. She plotted me over the same route by which she had just returned, around the rock to an opening. Here two stalwart negro men met us. One of them whispered to me to follow him, and as we started 'Cinda leaned forward and said:

Husband (handing his wife some money)—
"There, dear, is \$50, and it has bothered me some to get it for you. I think I deserve a little praise." Wife—Praise? You deserve an encore, my dear!"

"Massa, you is safe now. I see gwine to mill," and she slipped away.

"We went through a crevice in the rock, down into one of those large caves that are known in the Shenandoah Valley as 'sink holes.' We went down, down, down steep rocky side until we saw a light glimmering from the bottom, and a hum of voices reached us. At last we touched bottom, and were greeted by a squad of ragged-looking fellows, who I found were like myself, Union soldiers. Indeed, two of them were my own men, comrades of my morning ride, brought there by the negroes. These sink holes were all known to them as stations on the 'underground railway.'

"Our cave was not fitted up with many luxuries. We had plenty of army blankets and overcoats that had been, probably, abandoned by soldiers on the march or left upon the battlefields near by. These furnished us beds. Our living was small rations of bread, plenty of parched corn, and the best of water. These were brought to us every night. Here we lived, and wondered what was going on above ground, for nearly a week. One day one of our keepers came and told us there had been a fight about Winchester, and that 'Massa Stonewall Jackson's men was a runnin' like blazes, an' dat de Union sogers was a 'ginnin' to come in'. By evening of that day the last straggling rebels had passed, and the Union soldiers were beginning to camp near the 'Spout Springs' on the Opequa. Once more we could come out to the daylight, and not hide like rats in their holes.

"We were a hard-looking crew. Myself and two others were as black as the 'ace of spades.' My color was the effect of my washing in 'Cinda's cabin. We laughed long and loud, as we viewed each other by daylight. I have wished many a time that I was artist enough to paint that scene, for the home friends to look upon. I tell you it would have been a group such as is rarely seen. When we reached our division we were received with joy."

"Colonel, I am anxious to know what became of that woman and her grist of corn," said Capt. Barrows, as he sent a curling wreath of tobacco smoke high above his head. "Did she get that corn ground?"

"Yes, Captain, she got that meal home in time to make a pone for a sick mistress's breakfast. This close call came for me just a short time before Lincoln issued his famous Emancipation Proclamation, and you all remember how the army came near being swamped with the negroes pouring in from all parts of the slave States, craving the protection of the Union soldiers, and asking to be sent to some point North, so that if such a thing was to happen that the proclamation should have to be revoked, they would be beyond the fear of being enslaved again. In our division of the army, then in the Shenandoah Valley, we were astonished every time the forage wagons came in. They would be just loaded with women and children, while the men would walk with huge bundles on their backs. One of these men came one day, with hat in hand, and after the usual 'Sarvant, Massa,' and a low bow, said: 'I 'spect you don't know me sir; but I hear you laugh, an' I knows you is de Cunnel what I carries de eatable an' de water to in de cave when you was trying to get back to the army.'"

"That's a fact," I said, giving him a hearty shake of the hand, "and I am real glad to see you. And tell me, Hamp, what became of 'Cinda? Did she get home with both of those sacks of meal?"

"He laughed a big haw-haw and said, 'Nebber you be onesy, Cunnel, 'bout Mammy 'Cinda; she done bin 'bout right small chance, and she aint gwine to get los'. One ob her boys, Cesar, was a waitin' dar close by to help her tote dat cawn. Dey tote dem sacks 'cross to de ole mill, an' dar dey changed 'em for meal, an' started on de dog-ye."

"Now you listen good to what I tell you. I is gwine to tote some cawn to de mill, an' you is Simple Dan, an' you is goun' along wid me, an' all you got to do when we comes to de pickets is jes' to wait an' let me do de talkin', an' if any ob them goes to plaguin' you, jes' you kin ob hang back like an' say, 'bacca,' an' when I promises you some, den you come right 'long wid me. Now you sure you min' me, an' I am gwine to git you safe back to de Union lines."

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The Youth of King Louis.

An honest and enlightened king, Maximilian II. was in private life not particularly genial, and both his sons, Louis and Otto, had been brought up with great strictness and simplicity. There father allowed them no pocket-money but what they earned by good marks at their lessons—on the modest scale of one pfennig per mark—and he would fine them a thaler without compunction if they were reported idle. Their table was more frugal than that of the sons of most country gentlemen. When Louis attained his majority at eighteen he was provided with an establishment of his own, and sat down on the first day of his emancipation to his usual dinner—one dish of meat and some cheese. "Am I now my own master?" he asked with a smile of his servants. "Yes, sir," was the answer. "Then you may bring me some chicken and a *mehlspeisen* (pudding)."

The famous Dr. Dollinger was one of the tutors who exercised the happiest influence on Prince Louis. Giving a general direction to his pupil's studies, the learned and able churchman acted on the principle that the future king ought to know a little of everything, and to choose for himself the one or two subjects which he would like to study thoroughly. He has often said, however, that he was disconcerted by the ardor with which the Prince applied himself to every branch of study except political economy and mathematics. Quick at learning languages ancient or modern; passionately fond of history; deeply interested in theology, and intelligent in his comprehension of books relating to the science of war. Prince Louis was equally assiduous in his music and drawing lessons, and in all corporal exercises. He learned to drill smartly; became a graceful fencer, and a bold rider. But the sensitiveness of his character was shown by the deep mortification he experienced whenever he met with any mishap in his athletics which exposed him to ridicule—and the dread of this ridicule caused him to go to the riding school of the gymnastic room with a much more serious face than he wore when sitting down to his books. In this, as in many other things, he was the opposite of ordinary young men. Once, when he had rolled on his horse into the sawdust of the riding school, his military tutor, Colonel Hecker, laughed. Prince Louis turned to him with a white face and said:

"Pray teach me, colonel, to fall in a way that shall not be comical. There ought to be nothing laughable in an accident which might happen even to a good rider before a hundred thousand men."

Whitewashed Savages.

A missionary stationed at one of the South Sea Islands determined to give his residence a coat of whitewash. To obtain this, in the absence of lime, coral was reduced to powder by burning. The natives watched the process of burning with interest, believing that the coral was being cooked for them to eat. Next morning they beheld the missionary's cottage glittering in the rising sun, white as snow. It was so beautiful in their eyes that they danced, they sang, they screamed with joy. The whole island was in a commotion. Whitewash became the rage, and happy was the coquette who could enhance her charms by a daub of the whitewash brush. Then contentions arose; one party urged their superior rank; another obtained possession of the brush and valiantly held it against all comers; a third tried to upset the tub in his eagerness to get some of the precious cosmetic. At last, to quiet the hubbub, more whitewash was made, and in a week not a hut, a domestic utensil, a war-club or a garment but was as white as snow; not an inhabitant but had a skin painted with grotesque designs; not a pig that was not whitened; and mothers might be seen in every direction capering joyously and fairly yelling with delight at the beauty of their whitewashed babies.

Diamond Mines.

Many geologists in Australasia cherish the faith that diamond mines will yet be added to the sources of wealth of that developing land of surprises. Accidentally discovered by a traveling trader not quite twenty years ago, the South African mines which are 500 miles from the coast, and at an elevation of 4,000 feet above the sea, are, however, at present unrivalled in their size and value. The romantic hardships which toughened and roughened the early diggers have largely disappeared before the railway communication, which brings the fields within a thirty hours' journey of the coast. The business is now transacted on scientific principles and a regular system. There have been, as might be expected, alterations of profit and loss, but the returns of the four principal mines show that in the three years and a third previous to the end of 1885 there was a total production of more than eight and a half millions sterling. A Kimberley diamond was recently shown in London valued at £100,000. It weighed more than 400 carats in the rough. The finest diamond in quality ever found in South Africa was the "Porter Rhodes," discovered in Kimberley mine in 1880. It is a pure white octahedron, valued at £80,000.

Coffee and Its Effects.

New York has a doctor who has busied himself lately writing pithy articles on some of the baptized evils of society. His latest manifesto is on "How coffee affects people," and the aim of the paper is to show that coffee is one of the most powerful drugs in the list of medicines. The proof of its power as a drug is shown by the fact that it is used to a greater extent than any other as an antidote for poisons, both animal and vegetable.

He urges that he does not desire to reach the ear of the public in general, but of those who have pains in the region of the heart, oppressed breathing and an irregular pulse; those who are exceedingly nervous and unable to sleep at night; those who have a full feeling, dizziness and pains of a neuralgic character in the head; who have nausea of the stomach without having transgressed the laws of life; who have pains in the liver, a yellow skin with eyes of the same sort; and lastly, who have hemorrhoids. If the doctor supposes he has left out one or the two of all creation from his list he may be right, but he is certainly moving a swath, and may honestly say he is after the ear of the public. To these he offers one suggestion. Omit coffee for a time, throw physic to the dogs, and find out if the trouble, after all, is not in the drug used as a beverage. In moderate doses coffee raises the blood pressure and accelerates the heart. Now, says the doctor, heart disease is in the main an easily prevented disease, and it is very frequently due to the excessive use of coffee.

He enumerates several instances where he had been called in to prescribe, and had found his patients given up to die, but there was really nothing the matter but the breakfast drug. He wisely suggests that in this day of sudden deaths we are called upon to review our methods of eating and living in order to get at the cause or causes. "The heart and brain require rest as well as other organs of the body." If the vessels in the head are kept distended we have, as a warning, dizziness and pain, and, if the warnings are unheeded, apoplexy. So with the heart. So short are its intervals of rest when beating at seventy-two to eighty-four, that we can hardly conceive it. Add to this the stimulus that sends it up to ninety, and we must produce disease. He concludes that for our regular meals and at evening parties we should substitute the simpler cocoa or bouillon, and escape danger.

Ancient Albion.

The British Islands were formerly covered with vast forests. Robber bands at one time infested the woods, of whom Robin Hood, of Sherwood Forest, is most noted. A continually increasing population and the advancement of science have changed the aspect; these places have now become the abodes of peaceful, civilized and friendly men; the desert and impenetrable forests are changed into marts of industry, cultivated fields, rich gardens and magnificent cities. Towns and cities of the Britons were generally built in valleys upon the margin of a stream or river for the convenience of water and security from winds. Surrounded by impervious woods and secured by a rampart and fosse, they were sufficiently strong to resist the ordinary attacks of their enemies. The Roman soldiers were as much accustomed to the use of the plough as the shield, and were as industrious in peace as they were brave in war. When they had fixed their camps, they availed themselves of the advantages the surrounding country presented, in order to secure to themselves the necessary supplies. Woods were cut down, the ground cleared and ploughed up, and roads were constructed from station to station, to facilitate the conveyance of goods, and collect their forces together with more ease and expedition on any sudden emergency. The Roman custom of grazing in Italy was adopted in the remotest parts of their widely extended empire. The dry ground of the hills and the moist meadows of the vale were successively the pasture of their flocks and herds. During the summer they confined them to the marshes and low grounds, and on the approach of winter they drove them up to the hills. Our Anglo-Saxon forefathers in the forests of oak and beech reared large numbers of sheep and swine, and in the rich pastures and open downs of the south and west.

New Salvation Army Schemes.

The Salvation Army have decided to add a new department to their operations in London. It is proposed to take two or three rooms in all the poorer districts of London, which are to be occupied by a man and his wife or two women (members of the army), who will be provided with common medicine and lint for bandages, and a stock of pails, brushes, clothes, etc. Every morning these people will visit the poor people living in the neighborhood, and where they find the rooms in a dirty condition they will clean them. Having thus gained an entry, they are to pay their attention to the spiritual welfare of the people. The medicines will be given, where necessary, without charge. They are also to visit the gates and endeavor to get discharged prisoners to seek the Salvation Army.

Kronberg Castle.

Behind a soldier selected as my guide, and provided with a huge pine torch, which he held in one hand while retaining in his other an unlighted one in reserve, I accordingly made the descent into this feudal inferno. As we proceeded into the depths the torch appeared only as a dazzling spot against surrounding blackness, its rays seemingly effectual only to heighten the intense gloom of the place. They became at length accustomed to its lead, however, and by its flicker against the massive pediments and walls upholding the superstructure of the fortress I was conducted, now through wide, open spaces, and now through narrow, tortuous galleries toward the nethermost recesses of these dungeons lying below the level of the sea. Their silence and chill, aided by their darkness and remoteness, suggestive of their ghastly uses in former days, were oppressive and almost appalling. From the walls oozed in places a trickling slime, while from the roof extended the slimy secre-

tions of centuries. Every step or the advance was haunted by the thought of possible experiences in these isolated vaults in the event of the sudden extinguishing of the soldier's torch. That this region of the castle was in earlier centuries the scene of the terrors of extreme human suffering there is evidence in the existence of the familiar torture-chamber within the castle's limits; and that horrors even greater than those of the ordinary medieval torture were enacted here I was not left wholly without reason to suspect. My guide suddenly stopped at a broken wall partially closing one end of a narrow chamber, whose apparently earthen floor was raised about eighteen inches above that of the surrounding passages. "Try this floor with your cane!" said the soldier, addressing me. Following his directions I prodded the bottom of the vault in a dozen places, and threw up from its black surface with every movement of my walking-stick a fragment of bone. Wherever, indeed, this surface was pierced the stratum underneath was discovered to be a compact deposit of decaying bones and animal matter.

"Look at the opposite wall, yonder," said my guide, speaking again. "Long ago," he continued, "this was the place of the last confinement of certain prisoners capitally condemned by the State. They were thrown into the chamber en masse and walled in from this end. A pitcher of water was set in the aperture of the wall there, and that was the last they received of food and drink. They died of starvation and madness, and fell in a heap, making this floor a bed of human bones, as you see, this wall falling away long afterward making the fearful discovery." Whether the soldier's accounts

LOVE AND PHILOSOPHY.

"Was at the Concord sage's school,
We met one summer's day;
I guessed—and used no logic rule—
I guessed that she would say:
"This very warm"—this with a sigh—
"The sun that shines from thence,"
She said, and pointed to the sky.
"Is rolling toward the Whence."

told her that it must be so,
At least it seemed so there;
For there was much I did not know
Of the Whence of the Where.
About the only thing I knew,
When she was standing near,
Was that the sky was much more blue
In the Nowness of the Here.

She smiled, and said perhaps 'twas well,
Those pretty thoughts to touch;
And asked me if the rule I'd tell
Of the Smallness of the Much.
"That rule, but then I knew
A rule that just as well would go—
The Oneness of the Two."

She blushed and looked down on the ground,
And said: "It won't be so;"
And then the whole earth turned around,
For my heart was full of love.
"Unto the Ceaseless of My End,"
I said, "I now shall go."
She murmured: "Don't you comprehend
The Yeness of my No?"

Bibliomania.

The following amusing story is related by the *Paris Rappell*. The greatest joy of the bibliomaniac, the only one in fact, is to possess a book of which there is not another copy extant. An Englishman who had abundant wealth (and there are more English bibliomaniacs than all the rest put together) owned a little volume, very rare, and the only one as he thought in existence. All at once he learned that there was a second copy in Paris and he forthwith filled his pocketbook with bank notes, started across the Channel and arrived at the house of his "rival." After the usual compliments he said:

"Monsieur, you possess a copy of such and such a work?"
"Yes, monsieur, it is my library. Here it is if you would like to see it."
"I will give you 1,000 francs for it."
"Monsieur, I do not trade in books."
"Five thousand francs then?"
"I am astonished, monsieur—"

"Ten thousand francs?"
"But I repeat—"
"Fifteen thousand francs?"
"Monsieur—"
"Twenty thousand francs?"
"Before such insistence it would be impolite to refuse you. Monsieur, the book is yours."

The Englishman had won. He counted out 20 bills of 1,000 francs each and took the book. The conversation had taken place in the library where an open grate fire was burning. The Englishman examined his purchase carefully. Then with a satisfaction which he did not attempt to conceal he threw the book into the fire. The Frenchman, thinking that his visitor was insane, attempted to rescue the treasure. The other prevented him, and added the explanation, "Monsieur, I also possess a copy of this work. It is the only one which exists today. I wish you good morning."

A Pleasant Mexican Insect.

One of the most common pests in Mexico, writes a correspondent of *The Boston Transcript*, is the alacaras, or scorpions, for during certain seasons of the year they are as numerous as flies around a sugar house. They are within the cracks of the wall, between the bricks or tiles of the floor, hiding inside your garments, darting everywhere with inconceivable rapidity, their tails (the "business end" which holds the sting) ready to fly up with dangerous effect upon the slightest provocation. Turn up a corner of the rug or tablespread, and you disturb a flourishing colony of them; shake your shoes in the morning, and out they fly; throw your bath sponge into the water and half a dozen of them dart out of its cool depths into which they had wriggled for a siesta; in short, every article you touch must be treated like a dose of medicine—"to be well shaken before taken." The average scorpion is mahogany-bued, and about two inches long; but I have seen them as long as five inches. The small, yellowish variety are considered most dangerous, and their bite is most apprehended at midday. In Durango they are black, and so alarmingly numerous—having been allowed to breed for centuries in the deserted mines—that the government offers a reward per head (or rather, per tail) to whoever will kill them. Their sting is seldom fatal, but it is more or less severe, according to the state of the system. Victims have been known to remain for days in convulsions, foaming at the mouth, with stomach swelled as in dropsy; while others do not suffer much more than from a bee sting.

Advice to a Young Man.

Don't worry about something that you think may happen to-morrow, because you may die to-night, and to-morrow will find you beyond the reach of worry. Don't worry over a thing that happened yesterday, because yesterday is a hundred years away. If you don't believe it, just try to reach after it and bring it back. Don't worry about anything that is happening to-day, because to-day will only last fifteen or twenty minutes. If you don't believe it, tell your creditors you'll be ready to settle in full with them at sunset. Don't worry about things you can't help, because there's no need to worry. Don't worry at all. If you want to be penitent now and then, it won't hurt you a bit to go in the sackcloth and ashes business a little. It will do you good. If you want to cry a little once in a long while, that isn't a bad thing. If you feel like going out and clubbing yourself occasionally, I think you need it, and will lend you a helping hand at it, and put a plaster on you afterward. All these things will do you good. But worry, worry, worry, fret, fret, fret—why, there's neither sorrow, penitence, strength, penance, reformation, hope nor resolution in it. It's just worry.—Burdette.

A boy, hearing his father pray for the missionary cause, especially for the wants of the missionaries, and that their institutions might be supplied with abundant means, said to him, "Father, I wish I had your money." "Why, my son, what would you do with it?" asked the father. The boy replied, "I would answer your prayers."

East Indian Egg Dance.

A traveler gives a pretty description of the graceful egg dance which was performed for his amusement in the Court of Bhopal, India. It shows that our sword-dancers and our young ladies of the ballet are not quite up to the standard of the Bhopal girl. He tells that a slender girl, arrayed in an embroidered bodice and short skirts like those worn by the peasant women in this part of India, came forward very gracefully to him with wretched smiles and dainty steps, and also in steps that were very sweetly modeled. "She seemed to me as if she wanted me to buy her basket of eggs along with herself, and that the eggs were real eggs. She did not dance on them, however. She wore on her head a large wheel of wickerwork, and around this, at equal distances, were placed threads with slip-knots at the ends, in each knot a glass bead to keep it from closing. The music begins. It is a quick, jerking movement, rather monotonous, and the dancer spins around in time with the measure, which grows faster and faster. As she turns she seizes an egg from the basket, which is held on her left arm and rapidly inserts it in one of the knots. Her circular motion causes the threads to stretch out like the spokes of a wheel. She keeps on doing this till every knot has its egg and her head is surrounded by a sort of aureole. When she has succeeded in placing all the eggs she spins around so fast that her features can hardly be seen. A false step and Humpty Dumpty would have had a fall indeed. She has now the most dainty and most difficult part of her dance to execute, for the dance is not done till every egg is taken from its thread and laid safely back in the empty basket. One by one the Indian girl accomplishes this, never crushing a shell or displacing a single egg. When all are restored she stops her dizzy whirl, curtsies with grace and offers her basket to the lookers-on who often break the eggs to prove that no juggler's trick has been used to change them.

Singular Cure for Neuralgia.

The following story is told as coming from Senator Gorman himself, and giving his experience in securing a cure for neuralgia. For many years he has been a sufferer from regular attacks of neuralgia. On some occasions he has been confined to his home a day or two, so intense was the pain. An old lady friend once called upon him while he was suffering from one of his attacks. She displayed so much sympathy that she almost forgot to name the request she had to make—but she did not. Upon learning that the Senator was troubled with neuralgia she volunteered to give him an infallible remedy, provided he would promise not to laugh at her or accuse her of being a believer in conjurations, spells, etc. The Senator, in a good-natured way informed her that he was under treatment from an eminent physician, who sometimes afforded him temporary relief. The old lady finally prevailed upon the Senator to give her remedy a fair trial, whereupon she suggested that he should get an ordinary nutmeg, such as is used in cooking, drill a hole through it, attach it to a piece of string, or ribbon and wear it around his neck continually. The Senator, while suffering one day, determined to give the nutmeg remedy a trial. He followed the old lady's directions, and in a few hours felt greatly relieved. He has consulted several physicians on the subject, and they state that the nutmeg possesses certain virtues which may have effect on neuralgia pains.

Canton's Floating Population.

As we approach Canton, one of the strangest sights of the strange land is the vast wilderness of boats, which serve as the only homes of a floating population of more than one hundred thousand human beings. As our steamer made its way slowly through this city of boats to the wharf, it seemed as if half of Canton was afloat on the water. All around us were acres, yea, square miles, of junks, moored in blocks or squares, with long streets or canals between them, while darting hither and thither were hundreds on hundreds of others carrying passengers or freight. These boats are of various sizes and shapes, and are partly covered with bamboo matting, the one or two apartments furnishing space for parlor, kitchen, dining-room, bed-room, woodshed, barn and idol shrine.

These multitudes on multitudes of men and women, parents and children, grandparents and babies find a home, each boat often sheltering more souls than Noah had in his ark. There thousands are born, grow up, grow old and die, seldom being on land until carried there for burial. Many of these boats are named by women and girls, whose large, bare, unbound feet prove that they are not Chinese ladies, and yet they have learned to "paddle their own canoe." Babies are fastened to the deck by strings, and other children wear life preservers of gourds or bamboo, to keep them from sinking if they fall overboard, though the parents do not seem to grieve much if one does get drowned. There are larger and more gayly decorated junks called "flower-boats," used as floating pleasure houses of no good reputation. A few years ago a typhoon swamped thousands of these small craft, and hundreds of inmates were drowned.

The Prevention of Cancer.

The New York Medical and Surgical Journal says: "The predisposing causes of cancer are in the habits of the patients themselves. Just as civilization wrecks so many intellects, so it is also the cause of depressing the animal vitality of the individual, and brings in its train this dread disease. The main cause of this disease is established wealth and a state of luxury. The

appetite for eating meat and highly seasoned food is indulged, and can be regularly and habitually indulged, only in a state of established civilization, with communities engaged in accumulating fortunes and vying with each other in sumptuous living. These conditions, together with habits of indolence and insufficient exercise, cause an accumulation of the waste products in the system which predisposes to cancer. Then an accidental bruise, or reversal of fortune with mental depression, or any other exciting cause, may develop this terrible disease.

"The lesson is obvious. People should live more frugally and take plenty of exercise in the open air, and, in short, follow hygienic modes of living, and the danger of cancer is much more remote. The cure may be difficult, but prevention seems to be in the power of the individual."

Fat People and Fluids.

The question whether water is fattening or otherwise has been much discussed. Formerly it was generally asserted that the victims of obesity should mortify the flesh and reduce the fat by abstaining as much as possible from liquids and remaining in a continual state of thirst. Latterly the opposite has been affirmed, and I am told that a reduction of weight is one of the results claimed by "the hot water cure," provided always the water is taken as hot as possible, painfully hot, and in great quantities. Experiments have been made in Paris by Dr. Debove which controvert both these doctrines. These experiments indicate that, provided the same amount of solid food is taken, large quantities of water make a man neither thinner nor fatter. They were carefully made on a friend who took weighed quantities of food daily, and while these remained equal doubling the quantity of water had no measurable effect on the weight of the body. Still, it is quite possible that the old theory of thirst cure and the new theory of hot water cure may both be correct. Both violate the natural conditions of health. Scalding hot water, like tea or coffee, or grog of similar temperature, unquestionably injures the teeth, stomach, and other organs concerned in the early stages of digestion, and it is very probable that deficiency of liquid impedes the latter stages, whereby the chyme, by the aid of the digesting fluids, becomes converted into chyle and blood. A fat man may easily become thinner by drinking water, but the difficulty problem is to reduce the fat without reducing the strength at the same time. A skillful trainer will undertake to bring any man down to his "fighting weight," i. e., to the best condition for violent exertion, but as soon as the discipline of the trainer is relaxed the obesity, when constitutional, returns, and a long continuance of high training is murderous. Perhaps the old prescription, "Keep your mouth shut and your eyes open," when followed with judicious limitations, is the best. Eat less, sleep less, and walk more are safe injunctions, provided they are obeyed in moderation. The fat man who uses multiquor as a daily beverage deserves to be buried under cross roads at midnight, according to the ancient modes of degrading the wilful perpetrator of *felo de se*.

What Hundred-Eyed Animals See.

If the lobster's eye consists of more than a hundred separate eyelets, each with its own lens, what sort of a picture of the outward world does the animal see? Does he see a hundred different images in the same object? As he crawls along the rocky seabottom in congenial haunts, where the wily fisherman tempts his epicurean appetite with his favorite food, does he see a hundred lobster pots where there is only one? Does the single whelp bait within look like a hundred tempting morsels? The same question would apply to the lobster's enemies, great fishes with flat, pavement-like teeth, which easily crush through the armor plates which form his shell. Supposing the lobster to multiply such enemies visually by the hundred, his life could scarcely be said to be a happy one. The question thus raised is an interesting one, especially as it applies not only to lobsters, but also to all kinds of insects. For instance, does the house-fly, with its 4,000 eyelets, see 4,000 house-maids dusting the window-pane when there is really only one? Does the cabbage butterfly, with its 17,000 eyelets, see every cabbage multiplied 17,000 times? And does the dragon-fly in same way see 36,000 turquoise-colored companions hawking about by the pond side when there is only one. The problem has been fought over by the zoologists with much vigor until quite recently. The advocates of the multiple vision theory, astonishing as that theory may seem, have not been wanting; but eventually the advocates of the single vision theory are now in possession of the well-fought field. Whatever be the number of eyelets, or the number of pictures received on the cornea, it is the retina which receives the ultimate impression from external objects. The delicate, subtle and mysterious nerve ends which we call the retina are the ultimate sensory apparatus which determines what shall be seen. The conclusion arrived at is briefly this: Apart from the lenses and cones in front, the lobster's or insect's eye is a hollow sphere pierced by numerous close-set perforations, running down the facets toward the centre of the sphere. Only those rays can reach the retina which run in the axis of the perforation. Other rays than the axial rays are required to produce a complete picture at the retina end of each perforation. It follows that the light impressions cause by the axial rays, whose number corresponds with the separate nerve rods, form a single picture or "mosaic" of points of sight on the retina.

Plucking Ostrich Feathers.

Silly fear and ferocity are the characteristics of ostriches everywhere. Some are more ill-tempered, but all are dangerous if not approached with care. No method has been discovered by which they can be plucked except that of drawing a stocking over their head, leaving a hole for the bird to breathe. To accomplish this the bird is lured close to the fence of the corral by a delicacy like corn, and is then seized by the neck. Just as soon as it is hooded in this way it is comparatively helpless, for it will not kick unless it can see what it is kicking at. One way to pluck them is to have a small corral, the back of which is movable. By pushing this up they could be plucked. The feathers are taken from the breast, wings and tail, all above the dreaded kicking apparatus. At present the ostrich keepers press upon the bird from behind, and as long as they keep behind they are safe. The man who plucks proceeds with despatch. An adult bird is plucked every seven months and yields about twenty-five long feathers and several "tips." The "tips" are taken from the wings. The feathers on the back are left for the protection of the bird. During this plucking operation men have been kicked by the birds, but not hurt. Had the birds had a fair forward kick the result could hardly have been other than fatal to the person kicked. Unlike the emu, which is exhibited often as an African ostrich, they have but one toe on each foot. This is a terrible weapon. The bird kicks forward. The force is shown by the exploit of one bird, which kicked a stout board on the side of its corral and broke it in two at one blow. The toe is pointed and it will cut like a knife.

Animal Life.

"Principally these four things—famine, exposure to weather, bodily injury and violent death; things not altogether unknown to man, but to which beings living from hand to mouth, and in many cases upon each other, are more especially liable. It is undoubtedly true that every year a certain number of animals are condemned to starvation, crowded out of existence by the pressure of surplus population, and this process must be attended by a certain amount of suffering. But it is exceedingly doubtful whether the suffering is of that intense and dramatic kind which is popularly associated with the struggle for existence and the working of natural selection. It is not the case of a strong, healthy animal going out alone into the wilderness to struggle with the agonies of starvation. It is a process which takes effect principally on the very young or the very old. The very young perish because the mother is too ill-nourished herself to supply them, or because they are not sufficiently vigorous to fend for themselves; the old go perhaps somewhat before their full time. In the one case life is stopped before much pain can have been felt, in the other case it is stopped after the greater part of its pleasure is past; in either case with very much less than the maximum of suffering. In the majority of the higher mammals the operation of the Malthusian law very probably does no more than equal the rate of infant mortality in England 200 years ago, a rate which was then looked upon as a matter of course.

A Cardinal's Fear.

At the age of twenty Cardinal Richelieu was warned by a fortune teller that he would attain the highest dignities in the State and end his life by poison. Many anecdotes are related of the great statesman arising out of his constant dread of an untimely death. To guard against a sudden surprise his valet, Desnoyers, had to keep watch in his bedroom all night. In spite of his precaution Richelieu made a point of searching every part of the room before he retired to rest. On one occasion he discovered two bottles of wine under his bed, where the valet had concealed them for the purpose of taking a little refreshment during the lonely hours of the night. "Desnoyers!" thundered Richelieu in the ears of his perplexed valet, "what is there in these bottles?" "Wine, Your Eminence; only wine, I assure you." "And for whom is this wine, eh?" inquired Richelieu, whose suspicions were confirmed by the increasing embarrassment of his servant. "For me, Your Eminence; I intended to drink it during the night." "You shall do so at once! Drink it this very moment!" "But—" "Drink, you scoundrel, or—" "Desnoyers, thus compelled, said no more, but emptied both bottles one after the other. The consequence was that he became helplessly drunk, and his master had to do without his guardianship for that night.

The eyestone, which is so efficient in removing foreign bodies from the eye, is often said to be "alive," because it moves about when put in vinegar. As a fact it is composed of calcareous material, which when placed in the acid is made to move by carbonic acid gas evolved from contact with the liquid. The eyestone is the front door, as it were, to the shell for a little moluscous animal of the South American coast, and closes up the shell after the animal has gone in, so as to serve as a protection.

"What have you been doing up in the justice's office?" asked a man of a serious looking individual who came down the stairs. "Are you married, my friend?" interrogated the serious-looking individual. "Yes," replied the other. "Is your mother-in-law living?" "No." "Well, then, you will not fully appreciate what I have been doing. I have been taking an oath—a solemn oath—that if my wife died and I should marry again my second wife will be an orphan if I have to wait till she is 100 years old."

VARIETIES.

"THOUGHT HE COULD HOLD IT."—"Say," said an athletic looking man, addressing the night foreman of a St. Paul morning paper's composing room, "I'd like to get the job."

The foreman, a nervous man with golden hair and whiskers, looked at the applicant for the position of "copy-holder," a position which requires a man of average education and intelligence. The duties consist in "holding" the original manuscript and reading to the proof-reader, who corrects the errors in the proof-copy, which is compared thereby to the original. A vacancy had recently occurred and an advertisement had been inserted for a new "copy-holder."

"Have you had any experience?" asked the foreman, as he looked at the man who, dressed in blue jean overalls, appeared to be ill at ease in the composing-room.

"No," replied the applicant.

"Well, do you know," continued the foreman, "what is expected of you?"

"No," responded the laborer. "I just saw as how you wanted somebody to hold copy. Now, I don't know what copy is, but I know I was pretty darned strong and can hold it if any man can. I can hold a keg of nails right at arms' length, either hand. I don't know how heavy this copy is, but I guess I can hold it if you'll give me a chance."

The Hon. Tim Tarsney, M. C. from one of the Michigan lumber districts, has had some rare experiences among his muscular constituents. At one time when he was "Squire Tarsney" he made an enemy, and the fellow made dire threats against his personal safety. "I'll show him," he said, shaking his fist and gritting his teeth dangerously. "Do it," urged his partner; "he ain't nothing but a splinter, now." "You bet I will," said the splinter, and he went off after Tim. In about an hour he returned looking as if he had been caught in a threshing machine. "Hello, Bill, said his friend, "what's the matter?" "Durn your fool soul," he replied, "didn't you tell me Tim Tarsney wasn't no more'n a splinter, now?" "Course I did; and he ain't." "Ain't he?" said the other man, scornfully. "Ain't he?" Well, you tackle him once an' you'll find out mighty quick that he's a saw-log with the bark on. Go get the doctor."

INTIMATE WITH THEMSELVES.—A writer upon Longfellow and Hawthorne says: "It belonged to both of these men to be intimate chiefly with themselves." That is the most sensible thing we have ever read concerning those famous men. Poets and romancers are not generally supposed to exercise so much sound sense. A man who is chiefly intimate with himself isn't slapped on the shoulder every time he appears on the street and asked, "How are you, old man?" Too much intimacy with others brings this about. And he isn't liable to be stuck for a loan as often as those who cultivate numerous intimacies outside of themselves. It is your intimate friend who comes and tells you all the disagreeable things he has heard about you, and he will probably go away and repeat anything you have said that is calculated to make trouble. Be friendly to others—that is all right—but intimate Longfellow and Hawthorne and reserve your chief intimacy for yourself.

YOUNG authors who are struggling for recognition find hard barriers to climb over before they succeed in placing their manuscript before the eyes of a reader. Story after story has been told of the unmerciful rebuffs with which literary scribblers have met in the tour of the magazines. One of them is now enjoying a good laugh at the expense of a well-known periodical. He sent it a poem. Back it came with a terse note saying: "This alleged poem is not fit for our columns; it would be a waste of space to print it." The author was not discouraged; he had been accustomed to such treatment. He sent the poem to a daily paper; it was printed. Next week the periodical copied it entire, giving it a more than usually prominent place. The author sent a marked copy to the editor, together with that note. He had his revenge.

SPEAKING OF the disappearance of conjurers' confederates, the *Saturday Review* says: "The last instance we heard of their use was by a wandering magician who was performing in the smaller towns of Texas, and who was very properly punished for his lack of art. In the course of his entertainment he made a marked dollar disappear from a handkerchief held by a lady. Coming down into the audience he picked out a negro, and said: 'The dollar will be found in the pocket of this colored gentleman.' All eyes were turned towards the colored gentleman, who rose and extended his broad brawny hand, on which were half a dozen small coins. When the magician came close to him, the negro said: 'Boss, heah is your change. I has had two beers and a cigar outen dat dollar you tole me to keep in my pocket till you called fo' it!'"

JONES—"I saw some speckled beauties come in on the train this morning."
SMITH—"Indeed! I thought trout were very scarce."
J.—"They weren't trout. They were charming young women all freckled in the summer sun."

S.—"Why then did you speak of them as speckled beauties? Trout are usually comprehended under that denomination. When I speak of a girl with freckles I say speckled angels. They are a great deal superior to trout."
Jones accepts the amendment.

Chaff.

It's the littles that tell—especially the little brothers and sisters.
All is not lovely where beer is made. There is often trouble brewing.
"How high do you want to insure your house?" "About up to the chimney."

The woman who has a handsome bonnet always carries her parasol high in the air.
Magnanimity, so highly praised, consists of a good deal of pity and a little contempt.

Welcome the coming, but the parting guest, is the motto of the seaside landlord.
"Sally, what time do your folks dine?" "Soon as you go away—that's Missus's orders."

"I never was in war, but have often faced the powder," said a young man after kissing his fair one.
A man should buy ready-made shoes if he wants something to wear well, for he never sees the last of them.

A country youth wishes to know "how long girls should be courted." Why, the same as short girls, of course.
"That's a fine business opening," remarked the coal dealer, softly, as he looked down the hole into an empty cellar.

A St. Louis minister announced as his text: "Where are the lions?" and a base-ball enthusiast in the rear pew shouted: "Mostly sold out to Detroit."

Fond Father—"Don't you think I ought to have my daughter's voice cultivated? Truly the Gaiety—think you ought to have something done to it?"
"Mr. Fitzgibbon has a great deal of sang-froid about him," remarked Mrs. De Wiggs. "Well, now," replied Mrs. Snuggs, "I didn't know he ever sang at all."

There's a town in Massachusetts that will never have the measles. It's Hadfield. And one in Maine that can never escape them, for it is always sure to Ketchum.

The London City Press speaks of the Marquis of Londonderry as a "titled coal merchant." It would have its readers infer that the Marquis is a man of town.

In a telegraph office: "That makes nine words, madame." "Then I can send another." "Certainly." "Well, kindly write important on the envelope."

The prodigal son of a Minneapolis man has recently returned in a reconciliation by a telegram from his father saying: "The vault spread is ready when you are."

We wonder if Dr. Holmes will be very English when he gets back here. If he publishes a work abusing all the men who entertained him, we shall know that he is quite English.

Homopathe Doctor—Small that—now you're cured. Patient—Doctor, how much do I owe you? Doctor—Twenty dollars. Patient takes out a \$20 bill and says: "Smell that—now you're paid."

Fortunate—"Better beware of Miss Perkins, Henry. If you dirt with her you'll find she knows a thing or two." Henry (eagerly)—"She does? That's the kind of a girl I've been looking for."

Tom Anjerry, of the University of Texas, has been in receipt of his diploma. He cannot pay anything this month. "That is what you told me last month." "Well, I kept my word, didn't I?"

"That's a splendid structure," said an Englishman to a New Yorker, referring to the Brooklyn bridge: "who built it?" "Hanged if I know," said the New Yorker; "but Brody was the last man that jumped off it."

Colonel Ingersoll's idea of a great lawyer is the English attorney who accumulated a fortune of \$1,000,000, and left it all by will to establish a home for idiots, on the ground that he wanted to give it back to the people from whom he took it.

A small Boston girl having been told that a clasp of church she had just heard was "God speaking," is reported by the *Courier* to have answered: "I dess he must be mad, den, for He spoke mos' as loud as pa w'en he found his collar button in de biscuit yesterday."

"Charley will soon be home again, fresh from his studies, won't he?" said a fond Cincinnati mother to her spouse. "I don't think, my dear, that Charley's studies can have the effect of making him any fresher than he was when he left," was the old gentleman's unfeeling reply.

M. de B. has been a widower for a week. The undertaker puts in his bill. Carriages, mutes, gloves, and all the paraphernalia represented an outlay of \$100. "It's very dear," he exclaims. "Nonsense," suggests a friend, "your wife would have expended cheerfully twice as much on you."

Cockneysisms.
The pronunciation of the average Cockney differs materially from that of his brother Englishman, and occasionally provokes a laugh where laughter is most out of place. An amusing instance of this occurred the other day at Buffalo's new crematory, which is in charge of a young Englishman who acts as cleric to the many who flock thither to gratify their curiosity regarding the new institution.

The party of inspection one day last week comprised two ladies, who expressed themselves as gratified by what they had seen until they reached a point where the obliging if somewhat loquacious guide exclaimed: "Ere, ma'am, is where we turn the ladies into hash, and then the hash is collected and put into a urn." This was enough; the curiosity of the party appeared to be amply satisfied, and they beat a hasty retreat.

In hundreds of cases Hood's Sarsaparilla, by purifying and enriching the blood, has proven a potent remedy for rheumatism. Hence, if you suffer the pains and aches of this disease, it is fair to assume that Hood's Sarsaparilla will cure you. Give it a trial.

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DR. JOHN BULL'S
Smith's Tonic Syrup
FOR THE CURE OF
FEVER and ACUE
Or CHILLS and FEVER,
AND ALL MALARIAL DISEASES.

The proprietor of this celebrated medicine justly claims for it a superiority over all remedies ever offered to the public for the SAFE, CERTAIN, SPEEDY and PERMANENT cure of Ague and Fever, or Chills and Fever, whether of short or long standing. He refers to the entire Western and Southern country to bear him testimony to the truth of the assertion that in no case whatever will it fail to cure if the directions are strictly followed and carried out. In a great many cases a single dose has been sufficient for a cure, and whole families have been cured by a single bottle, with a perfect restoration of the general health. It is, however, prudent, and in every case more certain to cure, if its use is continued in smaller doses for a week or two after the disease has been checked, more especially in difficult and long-standing cases. Usually this medicine will not require any aid to keep the bowels in good order. Should the patient, however, require a cathartic medicine, after having taken three or four doses of the Tonic, a single dose of **KERR'S VEGETABLE FAMILY PILLS** will be sufficient. Use no other.

BULL'S SARSAPARILLA is the old and reliable remedy for impurities of the blood and Scrofulous affections—the King of Blood Purifiers.

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SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP,
BULL'S SARSAPARILLA,
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DOGS, HOGS, POULTRY.
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SPECIFIC No. 28
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Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness,
Prostration, from over-work or other causes.
It purifies, & builds up the system, cures
Throat Diseases, Loss of Flesh and Appetite,
and every form of General Debility it is
an unequalled Remedy. **\$27** Per
AND GET WINCHESTER'S PREPARATION. **\$1** and
\$2 per bottle. Sold by Druggists.

WINCHESTER'S
HYPOPHOSPHITE OF LIME AND SODA is a
matchless Remedy for Consumption, in every
stage of the disease. It cures Cough, Weak Lung,
Throat Diseases, Loss of Flesh and Appetite,
and every form of General Debility it is
an unequalled Remedy. **\$27** Per
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KALAMAZOO, MICH. Cal. M. Tolyoke, Pa. Board and tuition, \$175 per session. Building heated by steam. Instruction thorough. Fall term begins Sept. 8, 1886. For circulars address Principal.

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You can put on and take off your belt under home's feet. (Age agent sold 150,000 in 5 days, and a few more.) Price, 15c. Write for terms.
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A book giving Plans and Specifications for 30 houses of all sizes, from two rooms up, sent postpaid on receipt of 25 cents. Address **GOULD & CO., 31 Rose**

(Continued from First Page.)

At the French Association for the advancement of science, just held at Nancy, the chief subject of interest was, the condition of French, indeed one might say, of European, agriculture, in presence of the augmenting competition with the products of the United States, India, Australia and South America. The consensus of the meeting inclined to the belief, that the future of French farming depended, not on fiscal measures, but in the augmentation of yield, and in the adaptation to culture of scientific methods, parallel with such as have benefited industry.

The freight per hundredweight of corn has fallen since some years, from five to one fr. for United States, and ten to four for India. This reduction is due to the general employment of and improvements in steamers; to the Suez canal route, the ameliorations in harbors, the machinery for the loading and unloading of cargoes, and the multiplication of railways. These facilities cannot be undone, so lower prices must be expected in the case of grain, as in every other industrial product. Russia, at Odessa, has tried the half-and-half plan. On the quays of that port, the railway wagons can shoot the grain direct into the holds of the ships; but in order to conciliate the prejudices of the porters, the lifting machinery is put aside so that porters may carry the grain on board.

In the employment of improved implements of cultivation, much remains to be done in the reduction of expenses. The old plow still so general, only performs in the day of ten hours, one-fourth of the work that a modernized plow easily accomplishes. Sowing grain in lines permits the use of the scarifier or hoeing machine, to stir the soil, and cut down the weeds, which like parasites, appropriate the nutrition destined for other plants. Nearly one half the quantity of seed is saved by machine, as compared with hand sowing. Similar economy is to be obtained in harvesting; one man will mow, say two-thirds of an acre of corn daily, while a reaper will cut down 12 to 13 acres. In threshing with the flail too, a laborer can beat out four to five cwt. of grain per day, while a machine does its 550 bushels.

Large and small proprietors can alike benefit by these economic processes; the first by his large capital or his credit, and the others by grouping themselves into co-operative societies to obtain the best and cheapest goods, that certain payments and independence of sellers, always command. France has plenty of home wheat to develop yet; she has six millions of acres to bring under irrigation; she has 80,000 to enclose from the sea, and two and a half millions to break up and reclaim.

M. Benoît, of Bousquet, has practically tested several of these guiding ideas, by furnishing precise information to wheat growers—a grain occupying one-seventh of the cultivated surface of France. Now several reasons concur that France must rely on wheat as her staple, her national crop; hence the necessity to raise it better for the future, by the choice of the best seed and the application to the soil of phosphate and nitrogen, wherever these indispensable agents are wanting. And these essential conditions are limited neither by climate nor soil. Where they have been applied the yield of wheat per acre has risen from 15 to 35 bushels per acre.

M. Benoît's soil is a calcareous clay, poor in all the elements of plant food, save lime. He tried no less than 17 different varieties of wheat, to ascertain which suited his district best. He prepared the soil by four plowings and two harrowings; in autumn, with an application of phosphates; and in spring top-dressed with 130 lbs. of nitrate of soda per acre. The average yield of wheat in the neighborhood of Bousquet is only 13 bushels per acre.

M. Benoît obtained by improved processes 26 bushels with the Dattel, Blood red, and Bordeaux varieties of wheat; while the White Hunter, Square-head, and Chiddham yielded only 18 to 15 bushels per acre. Now in other regions, these varieties have given as high as 40 bushels per acre! Hence, the importance of selecting the appropriate seed grain for a locality. By employing natural phosphate in powder, the phosphoric acid will not cost more than seven sous per lb., and the nitric acid, about fourteen sous. It is only natural from these facts, that the French government is fully justified in organizing, as in Germany, a corps of ambulatory farming instructors, to impress on agriculturists to prepare the land well for wheat, to choose the best and most appropriate seed, and advance to the land phosphate and nitrates. At same time the banks will stretch many points in favor of small proprietors uniting themselves into syndicates, for the purchase of the best materials for their industry.

Veterinary Department
Conducted by Prof. Robert Jennings, Veterinary Surgeon. Professional advice through the columns of the Michigan Farmer to all regular subscribers free. The full name and address will be necessary that we may identify them as subscribers. The symptoms should be accurately described to ensure correct treatment. No questions answered professionally by mail unless accompanied by a fee of one dollar. Private address, 301 E. First St., Detroit, Mich.

Indurated Thyroid Gland in a Colt.
OAKWOOD, Sept. 28, 1886.
Veterinary Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

I should like to know what to do for my colt; she is three years old and took the distemper about a month ago; she swelled up on the left side of the jaw so badly that she became blind in one eye; I lanced it in four places; it ran some from each; I have blistered it, but there is a large callous on the side of her neck, between her jaw and neck. I should like to know what will take it off; it is on the gland of the neck. She eats good and is in good health. A. L. M.

Answer—If your colt had received proper treatment when first taken sick, there would not have been such lesions as described in the above letter. From the imperfect description of symptoms given we cannot determine the present pathological changes in the diseased parts, but believe it too late to remedy the evil. Under the circumstances we would advise you to have the animal examined by a competent veterinary surgeon, who will give you such advice as will be for

your best interests. We would recommend R. L. Parkin, veterinary surgeon, of Romeo, Mich.

Veterinary Tid-Bits.
SALT your stock freely; salt is a good alternative and condition powder.

Do not speak cross to or ill use your horses. Man owes a deep debt of gratitude to the horse, and is bound to acknowledge his sense of its value by humanity and kindness.

VENTILATION OF STABLES.—The atmosphere of a badly ventilated stable has not only an injurious effect on the organs of respiration, but is a primary cause of ophthalmic diseases. Attention in this department of stable management is of the greatest importance in preventing disease.

A GOOD REMEDY FOR CHRONIC COUGH.—Take balsam poplar, two ounces; sweet spirits of nitre, four ounces; syrup of tolu, six ounces. Mix all together; dose, one ounce in the feed at night, or give in an infusion of flaxseed. Give good wheat or oat straw to eat instead of hay.

DIET OF HORSES.—An irritable state of the mucous surfaces of the air passages is aggravated by an inferior or dusty quality of hay or oats. An abundance of dusty, musty and mow-burned hay is in the market. An occasional change of feed is of much benefit to the animal. Linseed, carrots, parsnips, etc., occasionally given are beneficial.

Commercial.

DETROIT WHOLESALE MARKET.

DETROIT, Sept. 28, 1886.
FLOUR.—The continued decline in wheat has compelled holders of flour and manufacturers to reduce prices, and there is an easy market at the reduction. Quotations yesterday were as follows:
Michigan white wheat, stone process \$3.00 @ 3.25
Michigan white wheat, roller process 4.00 @ 4.25
Michigan white wheat, patents 4.25 @ 4.50
Minnesota, bakers 4.00 @ 4.25
Minnesota, patents 4.25 @ 4.50
Low grade winter wheat 2.75 @ 3.00
Rye, Western 3.00 @ 3.25

WHEAT.—The market opened weak and first sales showed a decline. There was not much activity among dealers. The visible supply showed a further increase of over two millions of bushels. The demand for export was light at eastern points. Chicago and New York were both lower and weak. Closing prices here were as follows: No. 1 white, 75¢; No. 2 red, 76¢; No. 3 red, 74¢; reject, red, 68¢. Futures—No. 1 white, October, 75¢; May, 87¢. No. 2 red, September, 76¢; October, 75¢; November, 78¢; December, 76¢.

CORN.—Weak and lower. No. 2 sold at 40¢, and October delivery at 40¢; No. 3 spot sold at 39¢.

OATS.—Slow and a shade lower than on Saturday, but still higher than a week ago. Quotations are 30¢ for No. 2 white, 28¢ for No. 2 mixed, and 25¢ for light mixed.

BARLEY.—No. 2 sold at \$1.25 per cental. **RYE.**—Bran is quoted at \$1.00 @ 1.05 per cental, and middlings at \$1.25 @ 1.35. Market weak.

CLIVER SEED.—Nothing doing in spot. For December delivery sales were made at \$4.70 per bushel.

BUTTER.—Market firm and steady. Choice dairy quoted at 10¢ @ 10.10; good at 10¢ @ 10.10; low grades at 10¢ @ 10.10. Creamery is held firmly at 24¢ @ 25¢.

CHEESE.—Market firm and higher. Michigan full cream, 10¢ @ 10.10; New York, 10¢ @ 11¢; Ohio, 10¢ @ 10.10.

EGGS.—Market steady at 10¢ @ 10.10 for fresh stock; demand good and receipts light.

APPLES.—Supply liberal; ordinary lots are worth \$1.00 @ 1.10 per bushel, and fancy \$1.75 per bushel.

FOREIGN FRUITS.—Lemons, Messina, \$1.00 @ 1.10; oranges, Messina, \$1.00 @ 1.10; bananas, \$1.00 @ 1.10; pineapples, \$1.00 @ 1.10.

BEEF.—Steady at 22¢ @ 23¢ per lb., as to quality.

HONEY.—Quoted at 12¢ @ 13¢ per lb. for comb, and 10¢ for extracted. Demand light.

HOPS.—Choice New York, crop of 1885, 30¢ @ 35¢; Michigan, 20¢ @ 25¢; inferior grades, 15¢ @ 20¢.

BALED HAY.—Quoted at \$10.00 @ 11.00 per ton for car lots; of mixed or truck; choice Timothy at \$11.00 @ 12.00. Supply good.

BRANS.—Market quiet. City picked are quoted at \$1.30 @ 1.40 per bushel; unpicked are selling at 60¢ @ 65¢ per bushel.

PEACHES.—Choice fruit, 50¢ @ 55¢ per bushel; eastern, 1¢ @ 1.25; fair, 25¢ @ 30¢ per bushel, according to size of sack; shon quarter varieties, 40¢ @ 45¢; common varieties at 30¢ @ 35¢ per bushel. Cranberries quoted at 30¢ @ 35¢ per bushel. Supply good.

POULTRY.—Market dull. Quotations are 40¢ for broilers, 30¢ for hens, 30¢ for ducks, 10¢ for turkeys, and 70¢ for spring chickens. By the pair pigeons are quoted at 20¢. Large receipts and bad weather have demoralized the market for the present.

TIMOTHY SEED.—Selling from store in bagged lots at 10¢ @ 12¢ per bushel.

HIDES.—Green city, 6¢ @ 7¢ per lb., country, 7¢; cured, 8¢ @ 9¢; green calf, 10¢; salted do, 10¢; sheep-skins, 25¢ @ 30¢; bulls, stags and grubby hides 7¢ @ 10¢.

PROVISIONS.—Barreled pork and lard are unchanged; smoked meats a shade lower; mess beef and tallow quiet and without change. Quotations here are as follows:

Mess: \$11.00 @ 12.00
Family: 13.00 @ 14.00
Lard in tierces: 14.00 @ 15.00
Lard in kegs: 7.00 @ 8.00
Ham: 12.00 @ 13.00
Shoulders: 12.00 @ 13.00
Choice bacon: 8.00 @ 9.00
Extra mess beef, per bbl.: 7.00 @ 8.00
Tallow: 3.00 @ 4.00

HAY.—The following is a record of the sales at the Michigan Avenue sales for the past week, with price per ton:

Monday—24 loads: Nine at 15¢; five at 16¢; three at 17¢; two at 18¢; one at 19¢.
Tuesday—24 loads: Seven at 15¢; three at 16¢; two at 17¢; one at 18¢.
Wednesday—24 loads: Five at 15¢; three at 16¢; two at 17¢; one at 18¢.
Thursday—24 loads: Six at 15¢; four at 16¢; two at 17¢; one at 18¢.
Friday—24 loads: Five at 15¢; four at 16¢; three at 17¢; two at 18¢; one at 19¢.
Saturday—24 loads: Seven at 15¢; five at 16¢; three at 17¢; two at 18¢; one at 19¢.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

[By telegraph.]

Below we give the latest reports from the live stock markets east and west for Monday, Sept. 27th.

BUFFALO.—Cattle, receipts, 1,647; market dull; prices declined 10¢ to 15¢ since last Monday; common to fair, \$3.70 @ 4.25; good to choice steers, \$4.00 @ 4.50; stockers and feeders \$3.50 @ 4.00. Sheep, receipts, 4,400; dull and unchanged; inferior to fair, \$3.50 @ 4.00; good to choice, \$3.75 @ 4.25; extra, \$4.50; common to prime western lambs, \$3.50 @ 4.00. Hogs, receipts, 12,500; steady with a good demand; light pigs, \$4.00 @ 4.50; mixed pigs and light Yorkers, \$4.50 @ 5.00; selected Yorkers, \$4.50 @ 5.00; selected medium weights, \$4.50 @ 5.00; selected heavy ends, \$4.50 @ 5.00.

CHICAGO.—Cattle, receipts, 9,000 head; shipments, 1,000; market slow; common weaker; shipping steers, 900 to 1,500 lbs, \$3.40 @ 4.00; stockers and feeders, \$3.40 @ 4.00; cows, bulls and mixed, \$3.40 @ 4.00; but, \$3.40 @ 4.00; through Texas cattle, quiet, cows, \$1.00 @ 1.20; steers, \$2.00 @ 2.50; western ranges weak; natives and half breeds, \$2.00 @ 2.50; cows, \$3.00 @ 3.50; Wyoming, \$3.70; Montana half breeds, \$3.10. Hogs, receipts, 19,000; shipments, 4,000; market steady; rough and mixed, \$3.70 @ 4.00; packing and shipping, \$4.00 @ 4.50; light, \$3.00 @ 3.50; skips, \$2.50 @ 3.00.

At the Michigan Central Yards.
Saturday, Sept. 25, 1886.

CATTLE.
The offerings of cattle at these yards numbered 775 head, against 618 head last week. The receipts of Michigan cattle were the heaviest of the season, and there were but few butchering cattle among them, the bulk being stockers. There was a demand for butchers' cattle, and a good number could have been disposed of at fully stronger prices than those ruling last week. Stockers were in fair demand but were weaker. The following were the closing

QUOTATIONS:
Extra graded steers, weighing 1,300 to 1,450 lbs., fat and well formed, 1,100 to 1,300 lbs. 4.70 @ 5.00
Good steers, well fattened, weighing 1,000 to 1,200 lbs. 3.75 @ 4.00
Good mixed butchers' stock—Fat cows, heifers and light steers— 3.50 @ 4.00
Coarse mixed butchers' stock—Light thin cows, heifers, stags and bulls 2.50 @ 3.00
Bulls 2.50 @ 3.00
Middleton sold Switzer & Akeley 16 fair butchers' steers, 1,000 lbs at \$3.50, and 2 bulls at 1,400 lbs at \$3.50.
Allen sold Mulliken a mixed lot of 5 head of fair butchers' stock at 74¢ lbs at \$3.50, and 3 fair cows to Reagan at 84¢ lbs at \$3.75.
Judson sold Sullivan & F 12 fair butchers' steers at 90¢ lbs at \$3.50.
Gleason sold Webb 5 good cows at 1,034 lbs at \$3.50.
Judson sold Sullivan & F 9 fair butchers' steers at 950 lbs at \$3.40.
Judson sold Sullivan & F 5 stockers at 698 lbs at \$3.40.
Mulliken sold Reagan a mixed lot of 6 head of thin butchers' stock at 62¢ lbs at \$3.75, and 2 fair cows to Sullivan & F at 83¢ lbs at \$3.50.
Gleason sold Stevens 6 stockers at 637 lbs at \$3.35.
Haywood sold Sullivan & F 27 stockers at 715 lbs at \$3.35.
Rupert sold Sullivan & F 5 stockers at 690 lbs at \$3.35, and a bull weighing 1,050 lbs at \$3.25.
Gleason sold Sullivan & F 14 stockers at 690 lbs at \$3.35; 5 thin cows at 1,044 lbs at \$3.20, and a bull weighing 650 lbs at \$1.75.

SHEEP.
The offerings of sheep numbered 3,332 against 1,546 last week. The sheep market opened up very active, and for the best grades prices ruled 10¢ to 15¢ higher than those of last week. Common sheep were firmer, but not notably higher.
Jedeale sold Downs 174 at 107 lbs at \$2.15.
Gleason sold Burt Spencer 200 at 92 lbs at \$2.15.
Kallenback sold Phillips 112 at 71 lbs at \$2.15.
Hops sold Phillips 112 at 71 lbs at \$2.15.
Beach sold Burt Spencer 230 at 89 lbs at \$2.15.
Judson sold Fitzpatrick 101 at 78 lbs at \$2.15.
Stevenson sold Phillips 109 at 73 lbs at \$2.15.
Haywood sold Webb 51 at 81 lbs at \$2.15.
Judson sold Downs 515 at 90 lbs at \$2.15.
Adgate sold Burt Spencer 131 at 73 lbs at \$2.15.
Jedeale sold Burt Spencer 101 at 81 lbs at \$2.15.
C. Roe sold Burt Spencer 215, part lambs, at 70 lbs at \$3.40.
Lewis sold Burt Spencer 107, part lambs, at 67 lbs at \$3.40.
Stevens sold Burt Spencer 223, part lambs, at 73 lbs at \$3.40.
C. Roe sold Fitzpatrick 238 at 60 lbs at \$3.20.
Rupert sold Switzer & Akeley 75 at 85 lbs at \$3.20.
C. Roe sold Phillips 66 at 74 lbs at \$3.10.
Butler sold John Robinson 240 at 73 lbs at \$3.10.
C. Roe sold G. W. Greford 146 at 70 lbs at \$2.25, and 17 bucks at 72 lbs at \$2.25.

HOGS.
The offerings of hogs numbered 1,556 head, against 1,620 last week. The demand for hogs was active for shipping, the local dealers being almost shut out. During the past week hogs have declined fully 25 cents per hundred in the Chicago market, and a decline was naturally looked for in this market, but the competition was so sharp that the market gave an average advance of about 10 cents per hundred over the rates of last week.
Frazel sold Sullivan & F 60 at 214 lbs at \$4.40.
Micol sold Sullivan & F 70 at 150 lbs at \$4.40.
C. Roe sold Sullivan & F 60 at 167 lbs at \$4.40.
Hops sold Webb 37 at 187 lbs at \$4.40.
Lee sold Clark 68 at 248 lbs at \$4.35.
Mulliken sold Sullivan & F 50 at 241 lbs at \$4.35.
Burdon sold Bigley 113 at 197 lbs at \$4.40.
C. Roe sold Sullivan & F 72 at 239 lbs at \$4.35, and 16 at 208 lbs at \$4.35.
Wyman sold Clark 62 at 175 lbs at \$4.35.
Allen sold Sullivan & F 133 at 200 lbs at \$4.35.
Giddings sold Clark 47 at 193 lbs at \$4.40.
C. Roe sold Sullivan & F 102 at 176 lbs at \$4.40.
Patterson sold Clark 73 at 185 lbs at \$4.35.
Plotts sold Sullivan & F 48 at 207 lbs at \$4.40.
Jedeale sold Sullivan & F 99 at 240 lbs at \$4.35.
Adgate sold Burt Spencer 87 at 210 lbs at \$4.35.
Wing sold Clark 125 at 173 lbs at \$4.35.
Gleason sold Clark 135 at 203 lbs at \$4.40.
Stevenson sold Clark 97 at 207 lbs at \$4.35.
Judson sold Sullivan & F 46 at 167 lbs at \$4.20.
Lewis sold Clark 47 at 217 lbs at \$4.40.
Judson sold Burt Spencer 66 at 197 lbs at \$4.20.

King's Yards.
Saturday, Sept. 25, 1886.

CATTLE.
The offerings of cattle at these yards numbered 775 head. The market opened up with an active demand for all grades, and for butchering cattle the market was fully stronger than last week. Stockers were in good demand, but sold a shade lower than last week. At the close all were sold and the market steady.

Kalisher sold J. W. Greford a mixed lot of 6 head of fair butchers' stock at 90¢ lbs at \$3.35; 3 stockers to Hulbert at 84¢ lbs at \$3.35; 2 at 140 lbs at \$2.50, and a bull weighing 600 lbs at \$2.50.
Seely sold Hersch 6 fair butchers' steers at 90¢ lbs at \$3.75.
McGeorge sold Genter 4 fair butchers' steers at 90¢ lbs at \$3.75.
Wetford & Beck sold Brown 50 mixed western steers at 70¢ lbs at \$3.75, and 10 to Marx at 1,061 lbs at \$3.50.
Culver sold Bilkofski 6 thin heifers at 665 lbs at \$3.50.
Stimmons sold Hulbert 6 stockers at 675 lbs at \$3.50, and a bull weighing 1,040 lbs at \$3.50.
McGeorge sold McGee a mixed lot of 16 head of thin butchers' stock at 68¢ lbs at \$3.75.
Culver sold Rice 6 stockers at 673 lbs at \$3.70.

CHICAGO.
Receipts 51,578, against 39,412 last week. Shipments 15,558. The cattle market opened up on Monday with 10,000 head on sale. The supply of desirable native cattle was about equal to the demand, and prices on this class ruled steady, but for other descriptions sales averaged 5¢ to 10¢ lower than on Saturday.

Prime beefs... 5.20 @ 5.35
Choice to fancy... 4.40 @ 4.55
1,600 lbs... 4.40 @ 4.55
Fair to choice shipping, 1,300 to 1,400 lbs... 3.90 @ 4.05
Common to good shipping, 1,050 to 1,250 lbs... 3.50 @ 4.10
2,000 lbs... 3.80 @ 3.95
Fair to choice cows... 1.70 @ 1.75
Inferior to medium... 1.25 @ 1.30
Poor to choice bulls... 1.50 @ 1.55
Stockers, 550 to 800... 2.00 @ 2.10
Feeders, 250 to 450... 2.75 @ 2.80
Hogs—Receipts 121,720, against 112,228 last week. Shipments 39,916. The offerings of hogs on Monday numbered 24,000. The market opened up at Saturday's prices, but before the close common hogs averaged 5¢ to 10¢ lower and the best weak. Poor to prime light sold at \$3.00 @ 3.50; inferior mixed to choice heavy, \$4.25 @ 4.50, with skips and culls at \$4.50 @ 5.00. During the balance of the week there was a gradual decline, and on Saturday the market closed at prices showing a decline of fully 25 cents per hundred from the opening rates of Monday; poor to prime light sold at \$3.00 @ 3.50; inferior mixed to choice heavy, \$3.75 @ 4.25, with skips and culls at \$3.50 @ 4.00.

Buffalo.
Receipts 10,329, against 12,362 the previous week. The supply of cattle on Monday consisted of 247 car loads. The market opened up steady at about the same range of prices as those ruling the Monday previous. The quality of the offerings ranged from common to choice, there being no extra cattle on sale. The best sold at \$4.00 @ 4.50; fair to good butchers' steers, \$3.50 @ 4.00; mixed butchers' stock, \$2.75 @ 3.25. The offerings were light on Tuesday, but enough to meet the demand. Only three loads were received Wednesday. The following were the closing

QUOTATIONS:
Extra Beves—Graded steers, weighing 1,300 to 1,450 lbs., fat and well formed, 1,100 to 1,300 lbs. 4.70 @ 5.00
Good steers, well fattened, weighing 1,000 to 1,200 lbs. 3.75 @ 4.00
Good mixed butchers' stock—Fat cows, heifers and light steers— 3.50 @ 4.00
Coarse mixed butchers' stock—Light thin cows, heifers, stags and bulls 2.50 @ 3.00
Bulls 2.50 @ 3.00
Middleton sold Switzer & Akeley 16 fair butchers' steers, 1,000 lbs at \$3.50, and 2 bulls at 1,400 lbs at \$3.50.
Allen sold Mulliken a mixed lot of 5 head of fair butchers' stock at 74¢ lbs at \$3.50, and 3 fair cows to Reagan at 84¢ lbs at \$3.75.
Judson sold Sullivan & F 12 fair butchers' steers at 90¢ lbs at \$3.50.
Gleason sold Webb 5 good cows at 1,034 lbs at \$3.50.
Judson sold Sullivan & F 9 fair butchers' steers at 950 lbs at \$3.40.
Judson sold Sullivan & F 5 stockers at 698 lbs at \$3.40.
Mulliken sold Reagan a mixed lot of 6 head of thin butchers' stock at 62¢ lbs at \$3.75, and 2 fair cows to Sullivan & F at 83¢ lbs at \$3.50.
Gleason sold Stevens 6 stockers at 637 lbs at \$3.35.
Haywood sold Sullivan & F 27 stockers at 715 lbs at \$3.35.
Rupert sold Sullivan & F 5 stockers at 690 lbs at \$3.35, and a bull weighing 1,050 lbs at \$3.25.
Gleason sold Sullivan & F 14 stockers at 690 lbs at \$3.35; 5 thin cows at 1,044 lbs at \$3.20, and a bull weighing 650 lbs at \$1.75.

SHEEP.
Receipts 36,400, against 38,400 the previous week. The sheep market opened up on Monday with 70 car loads on sale. The demand for sheep was good, at strong closing prices of Saturday and about all the receipts were closed out. There were 13 loads on sale Tuesday. The market ruled steady and medium clearance. On Wednesday there were 27 loads on sale. The demand was active and prices advanced 10¢ to 15¢ cents per hundred, closing with fair to good sheep selling at \$3.50 @ 4.00, and good to choice at \$4.10 @ 4.50, with some sales of selected feeders at \$4.00 @ 4.50. Western lambs were firm at \$4.25 @ 4.50.

HOGS.
Receipts 50,310, against 54,458 the previous week. There were 68 loads of hogs on sale Monday. The demand for all grades was active at advancing prices. Pigs and light Yorkers sold at \$4.00 @ 4.50; selected Yorkers, \$5.00 @ 5.50; selected medium weights \$5.15 @ 5.50 mostly at \$5.20; coarse mixed heavy ends, \$3.75 @ 4.25; stags, \$3.50.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.
This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kind, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alums or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. **ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO.** 106 Wall Street, New York.

WANTED.
A capable farmer, one who can undertake the care of stock in the winter, a good tenant house will be furnished. Must be a married man and a Protestant. For particulars address J. B. THORNTON, Holt, Mich.

Wanted.
500 young men and ladies to enter the Detroit business university during September and prepare for profitable employment in the business course or learning shorthand. Thousands of Detroit's most successful business men got their start at this college. Counting-room business practice and Board of Trade sessions. NIGHT SCHOOL, opens Sept. 27. DAY SCHOOL, all the year. Circulars free. 57-1st.

BUTTER, EGGS AND POULTRY WANTED.
Persons who make first-class butter and have eggs, poultry or other farm products for sale will do well to correspond with me. Any information required will be cheerfully given. Refer to **MICHAEL FARMER, Preston's Bank, Phelps Brace.** E. S. HIBBARD, Dealer in Farm Products, 118 Bates St., Detroit, Mich.

A. J. MANN, Kalamazoo, Michigan.
A Live Stock and Real Estate Auctioneer. Sales made in any part of the United States and Canada. Terms reasonable, and made known on application. 64-4th St.

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Campbell sold Rice 6 stockers at 830 lbs at \$3.75.

Brougham sold Kraft 4 fair butchers' steers at 860 lbs at \$3.50.

McGeorge sold Rice 12 stockers at 818 lbs at \$3.50.

Stead sold Stonehouse a mixed lot of 9 head of thin butchers' stock at 730 lbs at \$3.75.

Campbell sold McGee a mixed lot of 18 head of thin butchers' stock at 738 lbs at \$3.75.

Brougham sold Marshall 6 thin heifers at 775 lbs at \$3.75.

Griffin sold Stucker 4 fair cows at 1,070 lbs at \$3.75.

Glover sold Rice 11 feeders at 908 lbs at \$3.75, and a mixed lot of 5 head of fair butchers' stock at 738 lbs at \$3.75.

Sweet sold Hulbert 12 stockers at 750 lbs at \$3.75.

McGeorge sold Marx